

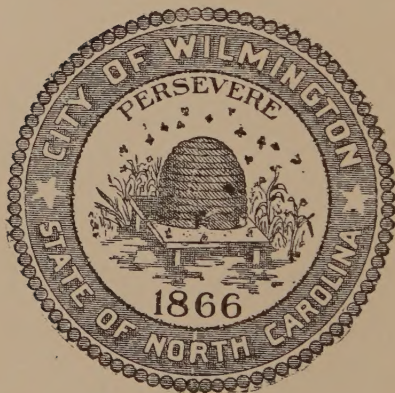
The BALSAM GROVES *of*
GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN



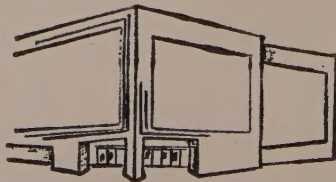
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VASE OF RHODODENDRONS.

The Balsam Groves OF THE Grandfather Mountain

A Tale of the Western North
Carolina Mountains

Together with
Information relating to the section and its hotels, also
a vocabulary of Indian names and a list of alti-
tudes of important Mountains, etc.

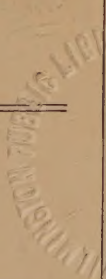
by

Shepherd M. Dugger

ILLUSTRATED

BANNER ELK
SHEPHERD M. DUGGER

1907



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TO THE LOVERS OF
THE SUBLIME AND THE BEAUTIFUL
AND
ESPECIALLY THOSE WHO HAVE GRASPED
MY MOUNTAIN PALM,
THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED.

THE AUTHOR

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INTRODUCTION

OTTARAY is an Indian name of old for the North Carolina Mountains. Here every hollow is an open book, and every crystal stream a bookmark singing the poetry that Nature has written on the adjacent hills. The gray dawn shoots up from the East, while robin red-breast sanctifies the holy hour of morning dreams with his sweet songs.

The mountains are kings, robed in purple and crowned with stone. The sun peeps through the portal of the day and flosses the high peaks with pink and gold. Malarial fogs persecute not the gentle morn; but sweet odors, born of ferns and galax, float upon the cooling breezes. Limb-latticed sunshine dances on the ground at noonday, and vesperian zephyrs, singing their lullaby songs in the waving hemlocks, rock the sun to sleep in his ocean bed. But from that glaring fan of saffron and gold left behind him he shoots purple shalvs with plumed helms against the misty mountain tops, and as they fade like molten iron upon their

lofty altars the firefly lights his lantern in the valley. But the shade of the earth brings no dark funeral of Nature, no angler in the lake of woe, but night's stilly cloak is buttoned with the moon and bordered with stars, and from its quiet folds come silvery voices.

Here, too, the mighty ocean, transformed into vapor, comes up from the lowlands and rolls its dark billows above us; and the great Admiral of the ethereal surges—his flagship rolling in fire—salutes the arrival of spring with his guns of rain and thunder, and then the white squadron drifts away and anchors around the mountain's brow like a crown.

Every crystal fountain is a silvery tongue of the mountain babbling poems from its orifice; rhododendrons, kalmia and azaleas set their lambent flames in the horizon of the forest as the borealis of the floral kingdom; roaring torrents, tossing their white spray in the sunshine, steal the hues of the rainbow and paint them on the sides of their fishes; the blood from angels' wounds, still falling from the battle in Heaven, leaves its formula and its sad muse upon the autumnal leaves, and October walks through the land in his coat of many colors, tinting the forest with brown, russet and gold, and scattering nuts for the children that play in the sacred groves. Then the cold hand of December

closes the book and mantles it with snow.
O, beautiful land! halo of childhood, magnet
of youth, inspiration of manhood, in death
hold me to thy bosom!

PREFACE

“ THE Balsam Groves of the Grandfather Mountain ” is a story founded mostly on facts; and the roads, streams, fountains, places, mountains and distances are real.

The object of the author has been to supply the great need of a book that would introduce to the outside world a section of country which, until recently, has been almost unknown and obscure, but nevertheless is rich in soil, replete with iron ore and with fine forests of valuable trees, checkered with rapid, flowing streams of limpid water, decked with a thousand hills, fortified with ponderous mountains, tall and rugged, and pictured with wild and varied landscapes.

The writer was cradled in the loving arms of maternal toil in one of the first rude log cabins constructed in the morning and evening shadows of the beautiful mountains with which he has grown up in love, and every scene described is as familiar to him as were the blooming vines in which the humming-birds nestled around the home of his childhood.

“ The Western Gateway of the Highlands ” following the story is a fair representation of facts, and “ The Hotels in the Land of the Sky ” is intended to be such an unerring guide that health and pleasure-seekers will not be disappointed when they visit the scenes.

The search for the body of Rev. Elisha Mitchell, D. D., having been written by Hon. Z. B. Vance, needs no comment.

For the “ Journal of André Michaux ” and its introduction we are indebted to the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia.

The table of North Carolina elevations has been collected from heights ascertained and published by State and United States officials.

The vocabulary of Indian words, by Mr. A. M. Huger, author of “ Pearls and Pebbles,” is the essence of Indian lore, authenticated by a life search.

In the ample field which our little volume discloses the most luxuriant Rambler may range at large, visiting streams and mountains in endless variety and extent, and, after his boldest excursions, he can only wing his way in imagination among the splendid objects that are still before him.

THE AUTHOR.

THE BALSAM GROVES

OF THE GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN

CHAPTER I.

PRIMITIVE CRANBERRY IN THE FLOWERY WOODS.

“ No fairer land surely than this, where the hills
Are feathered with forests, and braided with rills!
The mountains that over these green valleys rise
Ever woo'd by the winds, ever kissed by the skies;
And the homes and the hearts that they shelter shall
hold

Gifts sweeter than glory and richer than gold.”

A. M. Huger.

IN the year 1850 the now famous Cranberry Iron Mines, in North Carolina, were in their infantile state of development.

The Dugger family had been the first to build forges and hammer iron in Tennessee, and the writer's grandfather and great-uncle had now crossed the line and purchased the mines and tilt-hammer forge at Cranberry. From this forge wrought iron was hauled by wagon into South Carolina, and

even to Baltimore, where it was vended to the citizens of Maryland.

Ill-defined roads had been built into distant neighborhoods, that the sparsely settled citizens might avail themselves of iron. They frequently bent the ends of the bars like fish-hooks, except that the points went down against the shanks, forming eyes. Through these eyes they looped a chain, and to the chain they hitched an ox, and with the ox they dragged the iron many miles.

One of these dim roads led east up a beautiful stream called Elk, which at some points presented long successions of alternating falls and cascades, with intervening pools. Eight miles from the mines it parted from the stream and continued eight miles farther to Valle Crucis, on the banks of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular means *beautiful river*.

At the date of our story this primitive road was so little used as to be partly grown over with ginseng and spikenard, and a margin of wild flowers hung down over its upper embankment in pinkish profusion like a fringe. In nutting-time it was so deeply carpeted with dry leaves that wading footsteps made a sharp, rustling noise, with a pause at the end of every tread.

Midway between Cranberry and Valle Crucis the foothills of the great Beech Moun-

tain swept down from the north and curved into the Valley of Elk. Here the obscure road skirted the lower end of a narrow, oblong clearing, which impressed one as a deep pit whose perpendicular walls were corduroyed with standing trees. Above the road, in the clearing, stood a new log-cabin, with a stout stone chimney at the east end. Behind this a path led down a fern-covered bank, in the edge of the woods, to a branch, whose waters, higher up, had been turned into the upper end of a hollow log, whose lower end protruded its cannon-like nozzle over the brink of a large trough, into which it poured continuously an abundant sluice of limpid water.

The door-shutter in the south side of the cabin was cut horizontally in twain, and each half hung on its own pair of hinges. When the upper half was open it served for a window; when the lower half was shut it kept the children in.

The floor was made of puncheons, which were made by splitting large logs into slabs, and then hewing their sides and edges so they could be fitted together like sawed boards.

The clock consisted of a knife-mark, extending north from one of the door-facings across the puncheon next to it. When the mark divided the sunshine that fell in at

the door from the shadow of the facing, it was noon. All other hours were guessed at: on cloudy days the clock stopped.

Across the road from the cabin the Elk, here flowing gently, wended westward.

Two miles to the north, Beech Mountain reared his bold pinnacle and peeped over into the little field, as if to see what moth had cut a hole in the hem of his robe. To the south and east, Sugar Mountain, Hanging Rock and Grandfather hoisted their tree-muffled faces of stone, and looked down on the new settler in dreams of wonder and mystery.

Through their mystic veils they whispered an inaudible message of brotherhood to man which none can understand save those who have enjoyed their company in hours of solitude. But the death knell of the sacred oak had been sounded; war between man and the forces of Nature had already begun, and the first battle had been won by the keen-edged axe. For millions of years the mountains had employed the rain and sunshine to decompose their stones into soil, that they might be clothed with trees and crowned with laurels, that their underskirts might be tucked with ferns and galax; that rhododendrons might bloom upon their bosoms, and that rivers trickling from their feet might carry their music and poetry through smil-



Photo by J. W. McTrackin.

BEECH MOUNTAIN, FROM BANNER ELK.

ing valleys to the geart ocean: but now their devastation had begun.

Thorns and thistles might retake the little field in autumn, but the owner would dig them out in due season and conquer new territory. The little wild flowers would bathe his feet with their morning tears, pleading for mercy; but he would only dig them up to give room for corn. The wild turkey would throttle his gobble upon the air in springtime, calling for his mate that had fallen before the settler's gun; but the settler would only call him up by mimicing his deceased bride and shoot him also.

The black bear and the red deer had not had an enemy since the red man had killed them for food. Now they had one that would not be content with satiated hunger. When the innocent stag came forth from his lair to his feast of nuts and wild herbs, he had to be butchered for his hide; and the kingly bear could not travel the ancient trail that had descended to him, as a birthright, from his long line of distinguished ancestors, without putting his foot into a huge steel trap, by which he was held till the enemy came and slaughtered him.

No bird of prey or wild beast can compare with man for carnage. His inventions are full of tusks and talons; he is a creature of ingenious punishment, dismembering what

he cannot seize. The gun is a horrid expression of accumulated agonies; and its owner is the only being that will take life for sport. Wild animals do it for food.

Animals and birds are made of flesh and blood as we are, and when they are wounded they suffer just as we do when our flesh is torn and bleeding. Their lives are sweeter than ours, to the extent that they are freer from care. They want to live as badly as we do, as is shown by their flight when sought as prey. They will unhesitatingly hazard their lives to feed or defend their young; and if by chance the little ones are killed or stolen away, the old ones will for a long time, return to the spot where they nurtured them, and utter cries of lamentation. And still murderous man finds pleasure in stamping the blight of massacre and extermination upon these neighborly creatures.

Since man defends his own right to live free and die easy, he should certainly defend that right, also, to all creatures under his dominion. But not so: he forages freely on the wild fruits that grow for the birds; he cuts down the trees and shrubs that produce them to give room for domestic fruits; but when a bird comes into his cherry trees for a berry to feed her young he cruelly shoots her. Soon a cry of hunger goes up from the nest, and as often as the nestlings

hear the rustle of a leaf they mistake it for the rustle of a wing, and hold up their little heads for food. Evening twilight brings no feathered breast to protect them from the dews of night, and morning finds the sighing breezes singing sad requiems over the little deathbed, so neatly woven, that swings to and fro in the tree. During this time the children in the house have been tutored in barbarity by having the dead body of the mother bird for a plaything.

When an American gentleman breaks his leg while trying to capture a game bird that he has winged, there are surgeons to dress his wound, physicians to treat his constitution, loving hands to administer food, and ripe lips to caress him and whisper words of cheer; but the suffering bird is trembling in the bramble; the fibres and nerves of its broken limb are naked and exposed; its constitution is enfeebled by fatigue and loss of blood; there is no surgeon to dress its wound, no loving hand to bring it food, no one to whisper sweet words; but, dismembered and alone, it must die of hunger and pain. The wounded man cares for no suffering but his own.

CHAPTER II.

“The tear down childhood’s cheek that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose,
When next the summer breeze comes by,
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.”

Byron.

A FATAL OX DUEL.

ONE summer evening, when wild flowers nodded by the dim road, and birds piped their melody through the trees, a little rider was borne along up the meanders of Elk by the soft and gentle tread of an ox. This animal was spotted all over with black and white spots of various shapes and sizes, as if the ladies had turfed him in colors. His large horns curled like a forked spiral as their points receded far apart; his eyes were like two liquid spheres, whose orbits lay toward the dainty bunches of wild herbs growing on the road-banks, which he reached for and drew into his mouth with his long-pointed tongue, while the blast from his nostrils waved the ferns and green leaves where he bit as the north wind bows the waving grass.

Across his back was a large sack of cornmeal, fresh from the first rude mill of the region. The little rider who sat upon it

knew that it had to supply a vacancy in the culinary department of his home before supper of the present evening; and therefore every time the ox stopped to eat herbs he thumped him in the side with his naked heel and said: "Go on, Buck!" As Buck and his rider went up a hill they saw before them in the road old red Dick (a neighboring ox, with large horns) which, having no work to do that evening, was roaming about in quest of food; and as they approached he challenged Buck for a duel. This he did by placing his head near the ground, scraping the earth with his hoofs, and setting up a terrible bellow like the roar of the lion.

Buck accepted the challenge by mimicking his antagonist in the most defiant manner, at the same time bowing his back so high in air that its little occupant, with his sack, was suddenly placed in peril of his life; and while grim fright still held him in its painful grasp, the mailed heads of the two beasts clanked together, when he and the sack tumbled forward into the crotch of their great horns, and were thrown out on the upper side of the road. The little boy, regaining his feet, scaled the bank to a place of safety, and watched the raging fury of the hot encounter.

Each ox pushed the other backward alternately, while hoof and horn clattered and

roared like the rattle of war clubs on an ancient battlefield. Dick held the advantage of the highest ground, because the road was so narrow that Buck, which was the best fighter, could not swing around to an exchange of position; and when the little boy saw that his good ox was liable to be vanquished and gored to death, he leaped down from the bank, and, snatching up a rock, landed it against Dick's side.

Ordinarily, such a missile pelted against an ox by the hand of a child would have been as trifling to him as the bite of a fly; but, unfortunately for Dick, this stone landed against his spleen, whereupon his whole body was paralyzed, the black part of his eyes rolled up behind the upper lids, and just as he would have fallen, Buck, feeling the relaxation of his enemy's energy, gave a grand surge and landed him rolling down the hill, below the road. "There, you old rascal!" said the boy, as he ran and looked over the bank at the apparently lifeless beast. "I guess you've got what you needed; they can't make nobody pay fur you, because you commenced it. The next time an ol' steer jumps on Buck I'll pick me up a rock and kill 'im right in the beginnin'---that's what I'll do." But the little fellow's joy was soon turned into sadness, for he began to realize that the sack was so heavy

that only a man or a large boy could replace it upon the ox. He knew that whole days passed away in which no one passed the road. Who would happen along and put up the sack?

If he left to go after his papa, the swine herd would rend it in pieces; if he stayed with it till dark, he would be devoured by wild beasts. He looked all around him as far as he could see into the deep, leafy solitude, and in his dire distress and loneliness the tears welled from his eyes and he cried aloud: "Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

As he wiped away the tears with the back of his hand, he was presented with a scheme. One end of a large log lay near the sack, while the other, running nearly parallel with the road, rose at an incline and rested on the bank about five or six feet high. Up this he rolled the sack to the highest point, at the same time wiping and rewiping the tears from his eyes with his hands, which were covered and recovered with meal that had dusted through the mesh of the sack. Now he leaped down into the road, where, aided by the broken halter, he placed the ox with his side nearly parallel to the log and his back almost under the sack. Again he scaled the bank, and as he viewed the position of the ox's back in its fitness

to the location of the sack the bright smile that played upon his face gave a dewy lustre even to the doughy tears that had lodged in his dimples, and a look of hopefulness beamed out through the rings of meal that encircled his eyes, while his tremulous breath and restless mood betokened fear that the ox would step forward just in the nick of time when success would have thrilled his heart with joy. "Whoa, Buck," said he gently, as he lifted his treasure from the log and with a downward swing landed it near the centre of the ox's back.

Now, while his feet rested on the bank, the whole weight of his body, as it leaned forward over the ox, was supported by his hands, which rested on the sack. He thought of home and loved ones. In his imagination he saw his mother kneading the dough and patting the nice corn dodgers in the hot skillet, as it set over some glowing coals on the broad hearthstone before the blazing logs of the large stone fireplace. But just as he would have balanced the sack by pushing one end over to the farther side, old Dick, having come to life, set up a feeble bel-low in the woods; and as Buck threw his head around to see what his enemy did, the sack slipped, and the little boy went with it in one grand tumble to the ground. He was hurt by the fall, and now, as the tears flowed

from his eyes and the blood streamed from his nostrils, he cried aloud: "Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do! Ef I go home without it, they'll have no bread for supper; ef I stay here till dark, the painters (panthers) will ketch me. Oh, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

In a silent moment, when he took breath, he heard a voice, and, looking down the road, saw two men and a lady, well mounted on good steeds, come in sight. Both the goods and the style of their dress were so unlike those worn by the few people he knew, that his transport was mingled with fear; and as they approached he heard the following expressions: "Look yonder" "What a big ox!" — "There is also a little boy." — "He seems to be in trouble."

He now sat upon the sack, choking his wails of distress into convulsive sighs. His eyes were bedaubed with corn dough, salted and kneaded with tears; the blood which he had wiped away with his hands was drawn in horizontal streaks across his cheeks, while his hair protruded through the holes which the sharp hoofs of the oxen had cut through his hat as they stampeded over it in the road, and as the strangers drew near this little object of pity and distress the elderly gentleman, looking down from his horse, said: "Well, well! what has happened to the lit-

tle boy?" The young man, with his long nose and short upper lip, said: "He has been eating through his eyes." The party dismounted, and the young lady approached him with loving entreaties as to the cause of his distress. She took a cup from a traveling bag, brought it full of water from a near brook that leaped across the road, and, while the men put up the sack, she poured portions of it in the palm of her hand, and washed his face and wiped it with her handkerchief; and as she put her arms about his neck and kissed his flushed cheeks he burst into a brief but copious flood of tears, crying: "Oh, don't leave me! don't leave me! I do love you! Don't leave me, or old Dick will come back!"

After the kind lady had dried his tears and given him sweet assurances that he should not be left alone, she asked the young man to replace him upon the ox; and as he took him by one arm and one leg and gave him an upward swing in the air he said: "I'll set Alexander on Bucephalus, and he will lead us on to victory."

The little boy had never heard of Alexander nor of his horse Bucephalus; he only thought of the words: "He has been eating through his eyes."

CHAPTER III.

A TYPICAL PIONEER FAMILY.

"Happy the man who, content with his humble fortune, free from the proud yoke by which I am bound, lives in the obscurity in which the gods have concealed him."—*From the Latin.*

THE evening shades that mantled Tom Toddy's log cabin were rich with dewy vapors and odorous with the scent of ferns and galax that grew in the near woods, when Mrs. Toddy went to the door, and, looking wistfully down the road to where it punctured the leafy dell, said:

"I've got me milkin' done, and it's time to put down bread, and George has not come with the meal. I wonder what is keepin' 'im so late. Tom," she continued, turning to her husband, who sat by the hearthstone scraping an unfinished axe-handle that rested across his knee, "Tom, I'm oneasy 'bout George. Hadn't you better go down the road and meet 'im?"

"No; he's gist mosin along too lazy to keep Buck from eatin' weeds half the time."

"Well, ef you had no more stren'th to manage that steer than he's got you'd mosy, too. He's too little to send so fur by himself—it keeps a body so oneasy."

“ I reckon he'll never learn to go by himself any younger; the steer don't need no managin'; he'll come home uv his own accord attar while, and bring George on his back ef he'll gist set there.”

“ U'v course you've got no feelin's fur the chil'; but ef he ain't hur by the time the sun leaves the mountings I'll go attar 'im myself. That painter we hurd screamin' las' night 'ul be prowlin' 'round 'fore long.”

“ Painter the deuce! you never hurd no painter. It wuz nuthin' but ur owl you hurd. They's not a painter in ten miles uv hur.”

“ I guess I know a painter from ur owl when I hur one holler; but yander he comes now. I wonder what three big-bugs that is with 'im? Gist as apt as anyway they're want'n to stay hur all night; they can't git nowhur else; but I don't want um stuck hur. Git up frum there, Tom, and let me sweep up that trash 'fore they come in. You've all'is got the house full of ol' mauls and axe-handles when anybody comes.”

“ I guess ef it wuzn't for ol' mauls and axe-handles, as ye call um, they'd be no new ground cl'ared, and you and the young'uns ud starve to death.”

With these words Tom sprang to his feet, and laid the handle up overhead on two split lathes that were fastened to the under edge

of the joists, and, as he brushed the shavings from his trousers, Mrs. Toddy swept the litter hastily into the fire, and then, snatching his old hunting breeches off the bedpost, flung them into a place of concealment.

"Halloa!" was the call at the road.

"What'll ye have?" said Tom, as he emerged from the door into the yard with a hoosierly air.

"We want to stay all night with you," Mr. Toddy," said the elderly gentleman.

"It's a mighty poor chance; we're not fixed to keep nobody hur."

"We were told at Cranberry, eight miles back, that Tom Toddy was a clever man, and would not turn us away from his door."

"Well, I guess you'll haf to stay ef you can put up with rough fare. 'Light and climb over the fence."

The zigzag fence was ten rails high, and each angle was propped with two small logs, which leaned against it from opposite directions, and crossed each other just over the top rail.

By this enclosure the domestic animals that lavished food and raiment upon the family were kept from invading the yard. Had it not been there, the cow, returning from her table of refreshment in the woods, would have looked in at the cabin door and lowed to the landlady to turn the calf to her

udders; the pigs would have left many tracks about the doorsteps as they grunted for the crumbs that fell from the table; and the little flock of sheep might have marched through the cabin bleating for salt as a condiment to the green herbs on which they had lately dined.

After the strangers had dismounted they could view their quarters for the night only by peeping through the crack of the fence. The stiles by which it was crossed consisted of round poles, having the larger ends flattened and stuck in the cracks of a panel in front of the door, while the smaller ends receded from either side and descended to the ground.

The lady, assisted by the elderly gentleman, climbed quickly to the top, where Mr. Toddy looked up at her in wonderment, like a French peasant viewing a distinguished American in the top of the Eiffel Tower.

The young man, being in love with the lady, scaled the inclosure at a different place, in hopes that he might win laurels for Cupid's crown by helping her down on the other side. He now sat on top of the fence; he faced the cabin door; his heels rested on the third rail below the top; and his toes, without support, extended horizontally in the air. He did not sit there long; it was only a passing position. The lady would

no doubt admire his agility as well as his desire to be helpful. He gave a sudden bound, when the left skirt to his frock coat caught on a large splinter, and as he went it tore entirely off with a loud rip.

“ Oh, stranger,” said Mr. Toddy, “ you’ve tore your coat-tail off. My wife’ll sew it back fur ye after supper is over an’ she gits her table washed away.”

When in his leap he reached that point in space where the garment that connected him with the rail was stretched to its greatest tension, he seemed to jerk back like the reflex of rubber, and, losing his equipoise, landed on all-fours in the yard. In this position he looked up at the lady on the fence, and then, turning his face the other way, looked at the piece of bunting on the rail, where the wind, now blowing upon it and using the splinter for a tongue, sang like a harp of the olden time.

Mr. Toddy stepped to the fence, and, passing his toe through a crack about a foot above the ground, raised himself like a man climbing a ladder, and, robbing the top rail of its embellishment, bore it in triumph to the owner..

The young lady, having descended, unaided, into the yard, now approached the young man with the words: “ I’ll fix it back

for you;" and, producing some pins, she fastened it behind, in front and on the side.

Mrs. Toddy, who had never yet presented herself at the door, had often crossed that threshold slightly pausing as she passed. She gratified her curiosity to view the strangers, under the modest disguise of doing work in the house. She went back to the beds and patted the pillows that needed no patting; she returned to the hearthstone and chunked up the fire that needed no chunking; she went behind the door and swept a little corner that was already clean; she came out and wiped her dry, clean hands on a towel that hung against the wall. It was all a pretense; it was all reality; it was all feminine; a peasant did it; a princess would have done it.

Mr. Toddy knew the older gentleman to be "William West Skiles, an Episcopalian clergyman, who kept a school at Valle Crucis, eight miles beyond, on the Watauga.

Of the two whose faces were not known in that quarter, the gentleman was Mr. Leathershine, who had been expelled from an institution of learning in the eastern part of the state and afterwards received at Valle Crucis, because it was supposed that in that sequestered spot there was no land for the culture of wild oats.

The beautiful young lady, Miss Lydia

Meaks, was one of the faculty of St. Mary's School, in the city of Raleigh. She was a medium-sized, elegant figure, wearing a neatly-fitting traveling dress of black alpaca. Her raven-black hair, copious both in length and volume and figured like a deep river rippled by the wind, was parted in the center and combed smoothly down, ornamenting her pink temples with a flowing tracery that passed round to its modillion windings on a graceful crown. Her mouth was set with pearls, adorned with elastic rubies and tuned with minstrel lays, while her nose gracefully concealed its own umbrage, and her eyes imparted a radiant glow to the azure of the sky. Jewels of plain gold were about her ears and her beautiful tapering hands, and a golden chain, attached to a timekeeper of the same material, sparkled on an elegantly rounded bosom that was destined to be pushed forward by sighs, as the reader will in due time observe. Modest, benevolent, and mild in manners, she was probably the fairest of North Carolina's daughters.

When Mr. Skiles offered Mr. Toddy his hand, he grasped it with the words: "We are poor folks, but you air welcome to sich as we have;" and as the party came near the door Mrs. Toddy apologized for the size and inconvenience of the domicile by saying;

“Come in, ef you can git in.” But Mr. Skiles, knowing the embarrassment that strange company brings upon the culinary labors of a one-room cabin, replied that they would enjoy the breezes of the yard, and view the entrancing beauties of the great evergreen Grandfather, to whose lofty summit they were going on the morrow.

It was one of those lovely summer evenings, when the whole world is drawn westward by the fiery chariots of the sun; when the mountains are the drivers, holding the golden reins and drawing a retinue of long, purple shadows in their train.

A thunder-head cloud above the eastern horizon reflected the yellowed sunlight from its cumulus pinnacles, and the blue queen of the zephyrs mantled the world in glory. But before one can appreciate the spectral phenomena of the North Carolina mountains he must consider that the atmosphere is a great fluid ocean, and that he is as a fish at the bottom looking through a gem-colored medium that fills all the space between him and his object of vision. In a thick fog, the vapor is as dense around one's face as it is at the boundary of vision thirty yards distant, and our sight will only reach that point where, if all the vapor between it and the eye were compressed collaterally into a perpendicular sheet, it would pro-

duce a like obstruction. In the same manner the blue or violet tints begin at the eye and become more visible as the view recedes, till at last they seem to hang in festoons against the distant mountains, and finally they bound the vision.

The air is composed of oxygen and nitrogen; the water, of oxygen and hydrogen. The oxygen is common to both, and each has an element not contained in the other. This makes them half brothers, living close together and borrowing from each other. The storm feeds the ocean with air by stirring its depths; the sun feeds the air with water by evaporating the ocean. When we inflate our lungs we breathe a part of the ocean; when the fishes inflate their gills they breath a part of the air. Men drown in the ocean because they get too much water; fishes drown on the land because they get too much air. When we breath dusty air into our lungs, we cough; when the fishes breath muddy water they choke in their gills and sometimes die. We live in a mighty ocean as certainly as do the fishes, and the mountains around us are submarine. Some of them are so tall, however, that their summits rise above the atmosphere and become islands; and we can no more live on them than the fishes can live on the isles of the sea. Yes, we live at the bot-

tom of a great ocean, and at night we look up through its deep emerald waters, and see the stars floating at leisure upon its blue surface, and the crescent moon, pale boat of the night, sailing on its circum-world voyage with the captain and crew on deck.

Our three guests were now seated at the bottom of the ocean, by Tom Toddy's coral cabin. They were pointing northward to a tall, spreading mountain that looked like the American Eagle as it appears on coin. This great bird was feathered with forest and crested with stone; the blue light nestled in his wings and in his beak he held a golden streamer from the setting sun.

Rising to his feet, and pointing with his cane, the minister said: "That is called 'Beech' from its beautiful beech groves; 'the one to the east,'" said he, changing the direction of his cane, "is called 'Hanging Rock,' because its pinnacle hangs;" and then, turning himself and his extended cane, like a hub with one long spoke, he said, "this beautiful mountain in the south, which looks like the citadel of the forest, is called 'Sugar,' from the sugar maples that timber its slopes."

"It is a high cone with a flattened summit," remarked Lydia.

"Me thinks," replied the minister, "it might be called a decapitated peak."

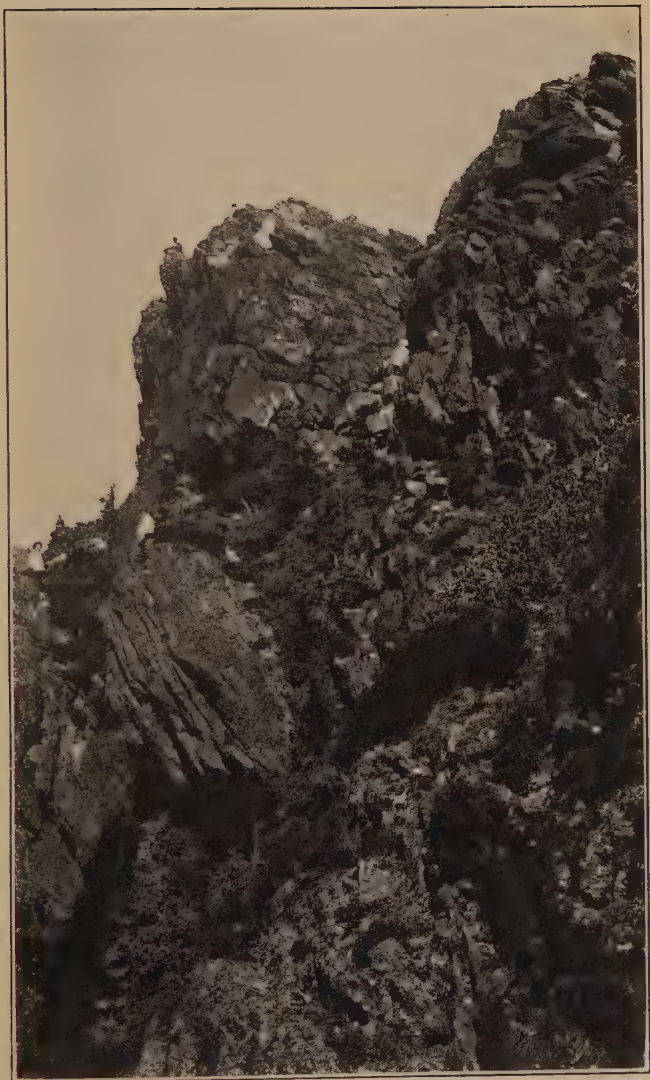


Photo by L. E. Webb.

ON TOP OF GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN.

Here Leathershine broke silence by saying: "*Decapitare*, to cut off the head—a mountain with its head cut off. I never knew before that mountains had heads."

"Yonder Grandfather," replied the minister, "has two heads with human faces, either of which, from certain points, is as perfect as the face of the ordinary man. The one that we shall see to-morrow stands up and faces the north; the one I will show you now lies down and faces the sky. Look in that dark camel-backed outline so clearly defined against the sky; do you not see that one hump is a man's chin, another his nose, and a third his brow, and that the indentations between are his mouth and his eyes?"

The dame who was preparing supper over the open fire within was listening with awe to the high-flown conversation without, and, as she drew a shovelful of glowing coals from beneath the fore-stick to put under the oven of bread, she muttered: "I don't know how to cook fur big-bugs. I've got nothin' fit fur quality, and I wish they'd a-stayed at home."

A few minutes later, supper being announced, Mr. Toddy sat at the head of the table and his wife at the opposite extremity of the small but hospitable board, with her back toward the fireplace, which was in the east end of the cabin. The two more dis-

tinguished guests occupied the side next the open door, while Leathershine, seated in front of them, cast "a lean and hungry look" on the bear meat before him.

After a blessing had been asked, the host said: "Help yourselves;" and the hostess, in her course of apologies for the plain repast and the rude table furniture, said: "Poor folks have poor ways." The minister assured them that they should ever be thankful to the Master for such as their table afforded; and, indeed they had enough, for, in addition to the flesh of Bruin, it contained corn-bread, milk, butter, Irish potatoes, and that choice variety of honey gathered from the linden tree.

In due time Mrs. Toddy replenished the dishes with warm food, and, before re-occupying her seat at the table, she set the ovens away from the fire, shoveled up the dead coals with which the supper had been cooked, and threw them behind the back log, just prior to sweeping the hearth.

Subsequently the guests, together with the family, formed a social circle around the blazing logs, which were not uncomfortable, and yet not needed, except to light the conversation, in a domicile where lamps were not a part of the furniture.

Some inquiries, made by the strangers about the fauna of the country, led the host

to relate rare hunting tales of his own experience, of which we will give only one, as follows: He said that several years previous to that time, while spending a night in the woods of the Grandfather, he used a venison ham for a pillow, first placing some dry leaves between it and his head to protect his cheek from the raw flesh. When the gloom of night had mantled his couch of moss in darkness, and Somnus had wrapped him in sweet slumber, he was ousted by sharp claws passing over his bald scalp. As he sprang to his feet and grabbed his gun, a panther that had now stolen his pillow screamed forth the signal of a victorious departure.

It was now time to retire, and the house contained but three beds, all of which were in one room, the only room, and generally occupied by the family. But in those days the ladies constructed temporary bedchambers by taking two large curtains, each about the size of a counterpane, and either hanging them from the joists or supporting them on frames, one along the side of the bed and the other at right-angles to it across the foot. These were generally made of large-flowered calico, and decorated with such ruffles and laces as the wealth and skill of the times could afford.

Such luxuriant sleeping fixtures, however,

could be employed only by the "bon-tons" of log-house society, who were sometimes classed by their jealous inferiors among the "big-bugs."

Mrs. Toddy was not a "bon-ton," but she rendered one bed private, nevertheless, by hanging up two quilts in the manner that curtains were hung by those who could afford them.

This sleeping apartment, in the northwest corner of the cabin, was occupied by four persons—Lydia and her hostess at the head, and the two younger children, with their feet in the opposite direction, at the foot. This economical mode of sleeping, by which the tapering ends of human anatomy are fitted together like the teeth of a shark, is still practiced in some remote neighborhoods around Grandfather Mountain.

Another bed, opposite the first, though not so close in the corner, was on a poorly tenoned 'stead, which sent its old-fashioned turned posts up to an extraordinary height, and, being loose in its mortise joints, had twice wrecked with its occupants and fallen sidewise onto the floor. For this reason a low bed that was trunneled endways from beneath the one that was concealed by the curtains was prepared for Mr. Skiles and his student. But when the minister was apprised of the arrangement he evaded the young

man by inviting Mr. Toddy to share his bed, saying that he wanted to tell his friends that he had slept with a hunter whose midnight pillow had been stolen by a panther.

This kind and complimentary invitation being accepted, the original sleeping plan was disorganized, and Leathershine slept on the perilous bedstead with little George Toddy.

An hour later, when a stray splinter about the smouldering fire caught ablaze and cast a glimmering light upon the log joists above, the sleepless dame was soliloquizing about the hazardous bed. "If Mr. Toddy had slept with George," thought she, "he would have turned himself cautiously on the mattress, and thus have saved the 'stead from falling; but now it would be most sure to tumble with the young man, in which event he would think that the cabin had been overturned by an earthquake, while her own chum and the bedfellow of her husband would leap from their slumber in fright."

CHAPTER IV.

GUESTS AT COLONEL PALMER'S.

"What is virtue? reason in practice.

Talent? reason enveloped in glory.

Wit? reason which is chastely expressed.

Taste is nothing else than good sense delicately put in force, and genius is reason in its most sublime form."

Chénier.

It had been only a fortnight since Claude Bodenhamer, of New York, and Charlie Clippersteel, of North Carolina, had arrived at the house of Colonel Palmer, on the jubilant banks of Linville River, ten miles west from the foot of Grandfather Mountain, and fifteen miles southwest of Tom Toddy's log-cabin.

They were traveling on horseback, making a tour of exploration and sport. High-born gentlemen were they whose charming manners and fair, open countenances inspired confidence in their many virtues; and such had been their experience among men that they soon made themselves very much at home wherever they went.

The Colonel had two beautiful daughters, Mabel and Lotus, and an only son, Elmer, who was then visiting in Virginia. When

Bodenhamer and Mabel met, neither was the other's ideal. In woman's logic she would have said: "I do not like him because I do not like him;" but she argued the case further. To her vision he had a big hump on his nose, his face was as long as a fiddle, his chin protruded forward, forming a little shelf, on which the crumbs from his cake might lodge, and his style, though genteel, was rigid as a king's diction.

He, being conscious that he had brilliant opportunities and could make more, was not seeking an emporium for his heart. He only noticed that the wife and daughters kept no servant, but went joyfully about their own work. But Mabel's politeness to him, especially at the table, was so free and unembarrassed, and yet so modest and becoming, as to attract his attention, and he said: "Thank you," or "Thank you, Miss Mabel," so courteously, for all her womanly attentions, that she soon observed that the hump on his nose was much smaller than she had at first thought, his face was only a little longer than the average, and she had entirely overlooked his beautiful complexion and fine brown eyes.

Bodenhamer said to Clippersteel, in their private apartment:

"How unique a thing it is for a well-doing man to leave the Palmetto State to attack

the gray beard of the mountains, and for his wife and daughters to find health and beauty in doing the work which only slaves are expected to do in the South."

"That is his strong point," replied Clippersteel; "a successful pioneer is a World Soldier, like the immortal Daniel Boone, going forward with a pillar of fire in his heart to illumine the way for the millions who are to follow. The old monks used to say: 'Laborare est orare'—'Work is worship.' How sweetly this family are worshiping! The bright flowers before us, which the ladies have so graciously put in our vase, are but the glowing smiles of Deity recognizing the work-worship that bloomed them into fragrance and beauty. Every furrow that man ploughs is in response to Nature's offer to germinate the seeds that he may sow, as well as a prayer for the rain's sweet filter and the sun's golden quiver to mature the crop into an abundant yield. He that works and prays not is better than he that prays and works not. The first does half the work and gives Nature a chance to do the other half; the second asks God to do it all and take him to heaven in the bargain. The man who is so zealous in his cause as to get on his knees and pray fervently for success naturally makes a stronger effort to succeed than if he prayed not, and in that way an-

swers his prayer himself, and if Heaven answer it also he is twice blessed."

"You call up my experience in New York," said Bodenhamer: "the boy that is reared to manhood apart from the influences of farm life generally treats men as tools with which to cultivate his garden of luxury. His popularity is in the indiscreet opinions of his haughty peers, and must cease at their demise. The wise notice him only for his false glory, or for his disdain of common sense, on which all character worth having is founded. But the man who grows up with the farm, having had a great deal of experience in a variety of fields of labor, and coming into the city with a head full of knowledge, recognizes humanity in all its forms, and lives a gift and dies a benediction to mankind. To farm life, with my dear old father and mother, in Pennsylvania, am I indebted for my success, and, for what is co-equal with it, my good health. The roses of labor bloom on the cheeks of the laborers. Dumb-bells and calisthenics are of little use: the only exercise that pays is the exercise that earns something. If we sin against our persons by failing to give them healthful labor while young, they will never forgive the injury, but will haunt our souls with hollow eyes and pale cheeks till death claim us for its

own. I once called on a young lady who had lost her health, or never had any, from living a life of rest and luxury. As we sat talking midst the most sumptuous furniture that wealth could buy, a fine looking, rosy-cheeked servant girl passed the open door, and I thought of what the effect would be if the two could exchange positions. I saw that what fortune had withheld from the hired girl in wealth and culture Nature had bestowed in beautiful health, and that what fortune had given to my friend in opulence and riches Nature had taken out of her person, and I said: 'The world is a great book-keeper, equalizing every one's account and paying whatever is due.' If the master of the house, while making the financial fortune, had caused his daughter to work out a stock of roses for her cheeks and muscles for her limbs, with which to adorn her accomplishments, I should have made love that very hour."

"I understand you to mean," rejoined Clippersteel, "that if you could find health, beauty, wealth and culture combined in one woman, you would seek to win her."

"The wealth would not be objectionable, and yet not necessary," replied Bodenhamer; "a rich girl can always marry, but a poor one cannot. Shakespeare exclaimed:

‘Oh, what a world of vile ill-favored faults,
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.’

But just as humanity to man becomes more attractive, wealth will lose its charm. The time will come when any man of means who has a heart in him would be happier for having given a sweet home to a worthy girl who had none than if he doubled the brilliancy of the one he already had by adding the splendor of a wife’s fortune to it. Give a maiden lady all the luxuries she can utilize, and yet who does not know that all the sweets of her life are absorbed in the failure of that companionship with an opposite which Nature has so beneficently designed? So, if true happiness is found in making others happy, there is no other highway to happiness that is so bestrewn with the flowers of humanity as that which leads to the altar a lovely woman, who would otherwise have been left alone, or married a brute-man, who would have dragged her down to his level.”

“I concur in your idea,” said Clippersteel. “I know where our ideals are, and though they live above want, still I think they are of moderate means. Not only are they accomplished in social etiquette, but they can make bread so fine and light that should you gear a pone as you would a kite,

it would whiz around in the air like a June-bug tied with a string. Their ruddy fore-arms taper from the wrist toward the elbow like the flare of golden trumpets, and their cheeks glow like ripe peaches kissed by the morning sun. They live a long way off, but we can afford the time and expense that it will cost to see them. They live, at present, down one flight of steps on the lower floor of this house."

Bodenhamer laughed outright, saying:

"Suppose we ask them to go fishing with us to-morrow evening?"

"No," he replied, "we might be too hasty."

'In part to blame is she, who has—without consent—been only tried,

He comes too near who comes to be denied.'

Let us ask them to give us music to-morrow evening. A violin lays on the piano, but they do not know that you play. They have a guitar, but do not know that I play. We will create a pleasant surprise, and after they have felt at ease with us, we will ask them at breakfast to go with us in the afternoon; that will give them time to arrange their work, so as to leave it with their mother."

"Agreed!" said Bodenhamer. They

tumbled into bed, and were soon exaggerating in dreams the anticipated joys of the future.

At supper of the next day Bodenhamer said:

“Miss Mabel, we heard a pleasant harmony of vocal and instrumental music last evening, and this evening we wish permission to come down to the parlor, that we may enjoy it fully.”

“Oh, thank you!” she replied; “we shall be glad to have you. Sister and I do not play very well, but we will entertain you as best we can.”

In the general conversation that followed Mrs. Palmer said:

“The girls, in their isolated home, have neglected their practice, and you gentlemen, who have heard so much good music in your travels, will have to excuse their imperfections.”

“Indeed,” said Clippersteel, “there will be nothing to excuse. The music last evening made us cease to be merry and feel the tender touches of ‘Home, Sweet Home.’”

A few more courtesies exchanged and supper was over, when Mrs. Palmer had a brief undertone conversation with the girls, who immediately left the room, and when they entered the parlor they were in their evening dresses, strengthening by tidy self-re-

spect the good impressions they had previously made.

The first thing that attracted attention was a collection of curiosities on the center-table—Indian relics, sea-shells, quartz, crystals, water-worn pebbles, and among them a piece of mica.

“Mica,” said Clippersteel, “was mined in these mountains by pre-historic man, and is found buried about his face in the ancient mounds.”

“Is it known what they used it for?” asked Bodenhamer.

“It is not; but I have a theory, purely my own, which I have never before had occasion to relate. It is that each ancient owner of a sheet of mica placed it against a dark background, as, for instance, a piece of bear-hide, and used it for a mirror; consequently when he died it was buried fronting his visage, that he might take it with him and view himself in the happy hunting ground to which his living friends believed he had gone.”

“That is splendid,” said Bodenhamer; “did you cry ‘Eureka!’ when you thought of that, as Euclid did when he discovered that the squares described on the base and perpendicular are equal to the square described on the hypotenuse?”

“I did not, for it seemed to me that any

schoolboy would have caught on to it who ever placed a piece of broken window-pane against his black hat and viewed himself."

"The most difficult thing to do," said Bodenhamer, "is the simplest when properly worked out, and looks as if anyone ought to have done it without effort. You, by a single stroke of the mind, have done what a Bureau of Ethnology might have assayed in vain, and no doubt you did it from the recollection of some boyish experience, or from having seen some poor man shaving before a pane of glass set against a black garment."

"Indeed," said Clippersteel, "had I never been a country lad, nor journeyed among the common people, I would have had less knowledge and more conceit; but—pardon us, ladies," said he, turning to Lotus—"pardon us for discussing such dull subjects as mica and dead Indians when we have ladies and sweet music before us."

"Oh, thank you!" she replied; "but as to the pardon, there is nothing to forgive. We have enjoyed listening, we have learned something."

As Lotus took the piano stool she glanced at the gentlemen, saying:

"Have you any favorites?"

"Play your favorites, and they shall be ours."

“Thank you, you are very kind.”

The ladies, having now learned that the gentlemen performed on the violin and guitar, insisted on them taking the instruments, whereupon Clippersteel said to Lotus, sportively:

“I will make you this proposition: I will sing if you will play, or if you will play I will sing.”

Lotus looked puzzled for a moment, and then, as light beamed on the paradox, she exclaimed, ‘Oh, you never said sing to me at all!’ Here they all joined in a hearty laugh, by which they felt the ease of a better acquaintance.

Bodenhamer stood on Mabel’s right, drawing the bow across the strings to see if they were in perfect tune. Clippersteel sat on the left, passing his fingers over the frets of the guitar, and Lotus stood by him ready to warble forth as the alto of the nightingale. Cupid’s quartet was now ready, and as Heaven pitched them its sweetest key “the hidden soul of harmony” rolled its dulcet volume through these beautiful lines from Byron:

“Here’s a sigh to those who love,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky’s above me,
Here’s a heart for every fate.”

MUSIC now became the sweet food of love's sorrowing sighs. Each pair of lungs was a golden bellows, with music at the helm, blowing sparks of love into consuming fires, and each heart beat fast, and thirsted to drink sweet consolation from an assuaging fountain.

As Colonel and Mrs. Palmer entered the room, they thought—

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.”

Half an hour later Mrs. Palmer said:

“Girls, play my favorite before Colonel and I go out. It will soon be time to retire.”

Lotus was now at the piano, Mabel took the guitar, Bodenhamer drew the bow, and all, including the host and hostess, sang the lines below—bass, treble, alto and soprano—while the Heavens declared that—

“Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.”

“Do they miss me at home do they miss me?

’Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know at this moment some loved one,
Were saying ‘I wish he were here;’
To feel that the group at the fire-side,
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh! yes, ’twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home.”

As Colonel and Mrs. Palmer withdrew, Mabel and Bodenhamer began looking through a lot of tintypes, and when they came to hers he looked at it long and steadily, and then made a coquettish motion, as if he would put it in his pocket.

Clippersteel and Lotus reviewed the collection on the table, and he gave her an old German coin, which he had brought from across the seas, bearing an effete date and ensign.

Bodenhamer looked at his watch and named the hour; then it was “Good-night, ladies! Sweet rest to you.” “Good-night, gentlemen! The same to you.” And as they went up the stairway each lady said in her heart:

“Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow.”

To Mabel's vision, the hump on Bodenhamer's nose had now entirely disappeared, his face deviated from the round just enough to make it real handsome, the shelf in his chin was only a becoming dimple, and—

“ He was a scholar, and a ripe and god one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken and persuading :
Lofty and sour, -to them that loved him not ;
But to those men that sought him, sweet as
summer.”

I will leave the reader to imagine how triumphant the gentlemen felt the next evening, while catching trout in presence of the ladies, and how joyfully the latter presented the fine catch to their mother, strung as they were on pronged willow switches, with the tops wreathed together for hand holds, like basket handles.

CHAPTER V.

AN EVENTFUL TRIP TO GRANDFATHER
MOUNTAIN.

The skies with luminaries shine,
Yet seven thunders roar;
Fatality her works design,
Through cycles ever more.

LET us return to our friends at the foot of Beech Mountain.

When George Toddy awoke in the morning, the sweet-scented breakfast was cooking in the ovens over the glowing coals on the hearth, and the great wood fire was sweetly roaring to the strong suction of the flue above.

The little birds carroling from the trees had invited the minister from the couch of his morning dreams; and he had gone from the house to view the saffron streamers from the rising sun, or to see the speckled beauties through the crystal waters of the Elk, or to give the lady of the cottage room and ease of mind.

Lydia, who was now dressing behind the curtain quilts, soon emerged and washed in the wooden basin on the block outside the door, wiped on the flaxen towel by the side of the threshold, smoothed her

hair with the horn comb, and, careful to ask for nothing that the cabin might not afford, she only inquired where she would be least in the way, and then took a seat in the corner.

It was now past George's time to be up, but he had been dreading to crawl over his new and sleepy partner who was in front. The head of the bed which they occupied was toward the fire, and the door opened back against it. Between the foot-board and the wall beyond was a space of about three feet, which gave room for a tub that sat in the corner.

At length Leathershine awoke, and, rubbing his hollow eyes, gave a sleepy groan. On his elbow he raised himself, and looked wonderingly at Lydia, who kept her eyes steadily on the cooking. He now put on his "studying-cap" to solve the mystery of secret dressing under the one-room government, and the aperture behind the foot-board was selected as a place where that task might be successfully performed, provided he could land himself safely into it. So, leaving one cover on George, he rolled the rest up lengthwise on the front railing, leaving between a kind of trough, in which he lay full length on his back. Pressing his heels firmly against the straw mattress, and lifting his body with his hands, he drew himself forward, his knees going upward like a

measuring-worm passing over a pair of trousers. One more measure and his long legs dangled across and beyond the foot-board.

While in this attitude, George discovered in the lower part of the under-garment that clothed the upper half of his person a large round hole, that seemed to have been made by an accidental fire in the laundry.

Leathershine was now in a position to pass safely over into the place by the tub, where he could dress in seclusion; but when, in the zenith of his leap, his quick motion, exhilarated by high hopes of success, threw the hole over the bed-post, and as he kicked and dangled in the air, the bed wrecked, and all went thundering sidewise down to the floor.

Lydia and Mrs. Toddy, thinking that a tree had fallen on the house, turned quickly, and saw Leathershine sprawling on his face, with his palms extended. Mrs. Toddy, being conversant with log-cabin etiquette, ran out at the door, and Lydia, catching on to the style, followed her example.

"Halloa, here!" exclaimed Leathershine; "is that the style of furniture you sleep on?" said he, referring to the wreck.

"Help me set up the bed," said George, and, after he had repeated the appeal, the young man reluctantly assisted in replac-

ing it upon its legs. The two now passed out at the door, and as they went toward the laughing river to wash in that clear, passing medium, the ladies were reentering the threshold, and when they came near the hearth they discovered that the shock created by the fall of the bed had thrown from the chinks above the fire a number of articles, of which the pegging-awl was in the skillet of gravy, the hammer in the pan of cabbage, and the old man's last, being the mould of a very large foot, had broken into the oven of biscuit. Also, a lot of falling shoe-pegs had showered so thickly into the gravy and the cabbage that one could not tell which of these articles contained the greater number of the wooden fastenings.

When the breakfast table was ready to be occupied, the coffee-pot, which alone had escaped the wreck unharmed, set on the floor beside Mrs. Toddy, who reached down and took it by the handle as often as the cups were to be refilled. At the close of the meal each person had left on his plate a nice little pile of pegs which he had picked from his teeth while masticating fried cabbage or bread overspread with gravy.

The host now took his firelock rifle from the rack, picked his flint, poured fresh powder into the pan, and then placing the long hunting-piece upon his shoulder started to

accompany his guests on the grand climb. He carried also a knapsack containing a lunch of biscuit, ham, fried chicken, bear-meat and boiled eggs.

While the flowers were yet cool with the dews of night, and the long shadows of the morning were falling toward the west, the horses were being tied at Linville Gap on the top of the Blue Ridge, where the sparkling sources of the Watauga and the Linville are so closely related that either could be easily turned into the other by a ditch, and yet they flow in opposite directions and retreat into different climes—the Linville passing through the mingled waters of the Catawba, the Wateree and the Santee to the Atlantic Ocean, while the Watauga finds its way through the channels of the Holston, the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Mississippi to the Gulf.

Here the way of our party continued by a rising footpath, which was overhung with drooping violets and shaded with the spreading boughs of evergreen and deciduous trees. When they had overcome two-thirds of the precipitous clamber, they came to a little bench-like spot of earth which was clothed with ferns, mosses, mitchella and oxyria, and supporting a mixed growth of red spruce (*picea rubra*) and balsam (*Abies fraseri*),



Photo by D. H. Gwyn.

THE GREAT STONE FACE.

whose matted branches form a beautiful green canopy.

Looking east from this point, the beautiful valley of the Watauga lay far under the horizontal line of vision. It was scarred by a few small clearings, and the track of the stream could be traced by a meandering furrow through the trees for the distance of seven miles to Shull's Mills, where in its eastward flow it struck a mountain, and, turning square to the north, hugged another mountain in its elbow.

This valley is bounded on the south by the spurs extending down from the east wing of Grandfather, and on the north by those of Hanging Rock and Dunveagan. The spurs of a mountain are ridges extending from the top to the base, with channels between for the passage of creeks and branches. Our tourists were on a spur. In front of them a deep hollow crossed their line of vision; beyond this the land rose into another spur, on which stood "The Great Stone Face of the Grandfather."

He was carved in rock and plumed with ferns, and in the furrows of his face, worn by the lapse of time, clung and crept the most beautiful flowers and vines. Pointing to this with his indispensable cane, the minister said: "I promised yesterday to show you this figure to-day. You now see the

genuine old man of the mountains. When that is silvered with frost or blanched with snow, it has the appearance of great age, and hence the pioneers called it 'Grandfather,' and the mountain of which it is a part 'Grandfather Mountain.' "

"Between the old man and the high top," said Lydia, "is a beautiful green tower, as if supported within by a column of stone."

"Methinks," replied the clergyman, "that is called the 'Haystack,' from its marked resemblance to a mound of hay."

"In the huge cliff above the 'Haystack,' " rejoined Lydia, "I see the face of a woman, with a retreating forehead, aquiline nose, pouched lips and a protruding chin."

"Indeed! How perfect! You are its discoverer, and we will call that precipice 'Lydia Rock' in honor of you."

At this instant Leathershine offered her a large rhododendron bloom, which she received and fastened on her bosom with a pin. The young man, deeming that she wore it strictly for the sake of the giver, his love intensified, and he became superserviceable, inviting her to a better place to embrace the view, and helping her over a small log that was no impediment. But a lovely woman will not always render things unpleasant by refusing what she does not need. Does it

please a man to help her? She is willing to be helped. Is her suitor undesirable? Still she regrets to wound him.

It was yet morning, and the old man's visible cheek was in a dark, silent and mysterious shadow. But the beautiful Watauga Valley was now seen through a deep emerald ocean, whose forested bottom was flossed with golden sunshine. The blue light began at the eyes of the tourists and became more visible as the view receded, till at last it banked in misty festoons against the far distant mountains in the east.

Sol's rays, passing in front of the old man's visage, petitioned the shade and sunshine with a delicate violet ribbon, which, being set vertically, and drawn to its greatest tension, seemed to blend the light and shadow by a vibration.

The party, now continuing their journey, were soon confronted by a high, steep rock, which seemed to cross their way like a wall through which there is no passage. At its base, however, the track turned to the right, and, passing round by ascending curves and zigzags, continued its course toward the top.

About midway up the cliff is an overhang like a cornice, below which the rock is perpendicular, but above this it retreats with the pitch of a Gothic roof. At the top of the upper half rhododendrons annually hang

out their scarlet florescent garments in gay profusion; but from the multiple crevices in the perpendicular part below grow beautiful grasses, ferns and wild flowers, always kept green and moist by a little water escaping from above.

From the base of this cliff gushes and sparkles the coldest perennial spring, isolated from perpetual snow, in the United States. Its highest temperature is 42 degrees, and half a pint from its unpolluted channel quenches the greatest thirst created by an exhaustive climb.

Our acquaintances were resting at this fountain, and, having no cup, they were drinking from a concave piece of bark peeled from an oval knot on a tree, when they saw three men and two ladies approaching along the path by which they had ascended. Two of the men were helping the ladies, while the eyes of all were steadily fixed upon the ground, for between the rocks of this particular place are numerous holes and crevices so dangerous to careless feet that every step requires caution.

As they came into a spot of sunshine which fell through a narrow vista in the trees, one of the gentlemen turned his eyes upward to see what part of the sky was then occupied by the glorious orb, when Lydia discovered in his face what she thought to

be the familiar features of a long-lost friend. The beautiful rhododendron bloom that embossed her bosom now rose and fell with a deep sigh that pushed forward the elegantly rounded prospect behind it; but when his brow returned to the shade of his brim she doubted her impression, and said in silent soliloquy: "Impossible that he who knows not my love could be here. No more shall my heart leap and my lips tremble to the deceitful refraction of light in woods like these. The warm palm I once refused will never return, alas! to reclaim me from my folly. Farewell, good-bye, my Charley; I shall never see you again until I drink the water of Lethe, and return from the Elysian fields, forgetting that I wronged myself and you."

Only three years had passed since she had worn that double coating of prudence and conventionality that sometimes ruins the fortunes of a lovely woman. She had had a lover, from whose presence her heart "imbibed delight through every pore, yet still there was an unsubdued negative in her young nature that would throw a cold shield in front of her suitor and repel him with spears of ice.

"No less was she in secret Heart affected,
But that she masked it with modesty
For fear she should of Lightness be detected."

But with all this he loved her to distraction. She possessed a charm for him (he knew not what) that bound him to her with a spell. It might have been in the harpsichord of her sweet voice; it might have been in the measured time of her grace and harmony; it might have been in the seraphic glow of her Saxon beauty; it might have been in his instinctive idea of her unfathomable depth of goodness, or it might have been in the combined impressions of all that is beautiful and true in woman. Suffice it to say, however, that every motion of hers was to him angelic; even to see her at a distance was a joy, for she "radiated happiness;" and not to abide in her love was a punishment beyond expression.

The approaching strangers had now come to a curve in the path which placed between them and the seated party the lap of a fallen tree and a little cluster of mountain maple, through whose tangled brush only glimpses of their moving forms could be seen. The guide, who was in the rear, now said, in a voice distinctly audible to our acquaintances: "The spring is under the big mossy cliff before us," whereupon the gentleman in front said to his lady: "When we get there I will drink to her I once loved, but now only remember."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the girl, as she halted

and turned to the couple behind. "Sister Mabel," said she, "Mr. Clippersteel says he has been in love."

"I only said to Miss Lotus: 'When we get to the spring, I will drink to her I once loved, but now only remember.'"

Mabel. "Indeed! if you loved her once, you love her still. True love never dies."

Clippersteel. "There is nothing left of mine but a spark in the ashes."

Mabel. "But a spark can soon be kindled into a new fire."

Clippersteel. "Not with cold water."

Mabel. "What do you say, Mr. Bodenhamer?"

Bodenhamer. "Mr. Clippersteel intends to slack the ashes with water, and use them to fertilize his next crop of love."

Mabel. "People make lye out of ashes."

Lotus. "And soap out of lye."

Bodenhamer. "Now you have it fixed; you have Mr. Clippersteel's love manufactured into fine toilet soap."

Lotus. "Oh, my! if his lady-love could only buy the soap, what a treasure!"

Clippersteel. "When I wish to divert from the monotony of long-continued occupation, I will seek the pleasantries of Miss Lotus and Miss Mabel."

CHAPTER VI.

THE LOVERS.

“There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will.”—*Shakespeare.*

LYDIA sat upon a rock by the spring. She seemed to be seized with the unrest of an emergency. A pallor passed over her lips, followed by their original color, like the shadow of a cloud pursued by the sunshine. The roses on her cheeks turned to blanche lilies; then they changed back to roses, and so they alternated in rapid succession. Mr. Toddy’s gun rested across his knees, and the whole party dwelt for the moment in a mysterious silence.

The little dialogue behind the bramble, with its concomitant glee and jollity, had ended, and the spirited party had advanced. The path was now less difficult, and Clipper-steel, detaching his help from the lady, walked before, hummed a love tune, and suddenly emerged from behind the copse not more than a rod from Lydia. Here he raised his eyes, and drew back with shadows of confidences and doubt displacing each

other upon his face as he tried to determine whether the form before him was really the object of his love or her apparition. Observing on her part an inclination to rise, he advanced with an extended hand, and expressed his pleasure and surprise in a manner that could be appreciated only when accompanied by his noble person and voice.

He was a tall, commanding man, with a gracefully flowing mustache, aquiline nose, evenly set teeth, mobile chin, high forehead, and the elongated corners of his dark-brown eyes stretched away under dark brows around fair temples, from which beautiful black hair retreated above his ears.

The words that Lydia uttered in exchange for his were of that high social cast which is characterized by the meeting of friends; but she had been so deeply piqued by the merriment behind the cluster that her best effort at composure could not quite conceal her confusion. But there was a warmth in her handshake and a pathos in her voice that inspired new confidence in his "heart's attorney," and added fresh fuel to that smoldering spark in the ashes.

Introductions now went round, and the only person not already known to the reader was the guide, Mr. Wiseman, neighbor to Colonel Palmer.

They had spent the night before at the

cabin of Golihue Bowman, on the banks of Linville, four miles to the west, where they had left their saddle-horses and two tents.

The nine persons now united at the spring were within the border of one of the most beautiful, the most bewildering, and the most extended evergreen forests in the whole south. Here the tall and densely growing balsam and spruce extend their branches in united clusters that support the snows of winter and exclude the rays of the summer sun. Beneath these are many ancient trunks of fallen trees which are completely concealed, and only revealed by a soft, deep, bright, yellowish-green moss growing over them and following their shapes. Up through this rich carpet, from their roots in the decaying wood, grow delicate ferns and young balsams of a fern's height and higher that wave and tremble to feeble breezes which stray off from the stronger ones that moan in the trees above. This robe of green not only mantles the old logs, but spreads its soft covering unbroken from one object to another, hugging the spreading bases of the trees, and clothing the rising rocks and sticks that help to form the extending landscape. This lovely scene extends up and over the mountain, broken only by great cliffs equally beautiful in the flowers of their crags, until it covers an area as

large as Greater New York. Such were the exquisite beauties along the winding step-way by which the united parties were now about to continue their ascent.

Mr. Skiles, with the two country gentlemen, now led the way, followed by Bodenhamer and Mabel, while Clippersteel, Leathershine, Lydia and Lotus lingered at the spring. Lotus was evidently waiting for Clippersteel, and Leathershine was puffing with jealousy and whiffling round like a little dog in high rye. Clippersteel and Lydia had forgotten their friends, and charmed each other in melting murmurs. Their words were public, but their cadence revealed a secret of long ago. To the eyes of Lotus there was but one bright face, and now it was shining on another. Her little heart was darkened and her cheeks paled by the shadow of his present joy. Out of his glances she had extracted emotions new and thrilling that now heaved like a bellows in her bosom. The rugged ears of the rocks, veiled with ferns, heard her sighs, but Clippersteel and Lydia heard them not. She had stopped to rest at the spring, but there was no joy in the change. Something fatigued her more than the great mountain. "Is she the one," thought Lotus, "of whom he said, 'When we get there, I will drink to her I once loved, but now only remember?'"

Will he now help her over the rocks and logs and leave me to follow like a servant in their train? I will not take the risk of such humiliation;" and with these thoughts she leaped from her seat and darted along the path like a ray of light, hallooing back as she went: "You will overtake us, Mr. Clippersteel."

"Oh, pardon me, Miss Lotus," said Clippersteel. "Mr. Leathershine, please help Mr. Bodenhamer with the ladies till we overtake."

The appeal was so urgent and complimentary that it forced the sudden compliance of Leathershine, who ran with such dangling strides as to impress one that he was waltzing with the saplings of the forest.

As the chase between Lotus and Leathershine was passing out of sight up around the cliff, Clippersteel looked after them in wild excitement, as if he were about to yell, as a hunter does to encourage a hot pursuit. He looked as if he expected every moment to hear Leathershine yelp.

Just as Lotus overtook her sister, Leathershine ran up close behind her, where his feet slipped from under him, and, falling forward, his nails caught in her skirt and tore a large horizontal rent that extended half way round on either side. As she screamed and looked back, he looked up

from his awkward position—his nose bleeding from its contact with a root—and said: “These rocks are as slick as owl grease.”

“They’re slick enough that you’ve ruined my dress. Please just walk on with Mr. Bodenhamer. Mr. Bodenhamer, please excuse sister a few minutes, and wait for us higher up.”

Lotus and Mabel, who were so happy but half an hour ago, were now engaged in robbing their clothing of pins by making one fastening do the work of two, that they might save up a sufficient surplus to fix the torn skirt. But Clippersteel and Lydia were happy at the spring—happy like a poor man who expects nothing, but, while toiling in his own little garden, digs up a pot of gold. Their tongues were golden shuttles carrying the shining woof of language through the mixed warp of their affections. They were weaving new garments for their naked hearts—garments that were ruffled with laughter and bordered with smiles—garments tinted with a few scarlet blushes and wrinkled with a little confusion; but with all their outward beauty they had a delicate inner lining of jealousy.

“How long have you known the Misses Palmer?” said Lydia.

“Only a week; we have had a home at

their house while catching speckled trout in the Linville."

"Have you had good luck?"

"Indeed we have, and the ladies have treated us as if we had been princes and themselves queens at a foreign court."

"Maybe most of the fishing has been done on dry land. It seems that you have thrown out silken cords from your hearts and caught two delicious creatures that do not flutter to escape, but rather love to hang on the passionate barb of your affections."

"Oh, what luscious fishing! If I have skill at dry land angling, may I not troll for Miss Lydia?"

"Your line cannot hold two at the same time. Lotus is your queen."

"Queen where you are not, and princess where *you* are."

"Oh, thank you for the sudden promotion. I am now queen, when only half an hour ago I was designed to be only the happy custodian of a sort of romantic soap, made from the ashes of consumed love."

Clippersteel turned his back with a hearty laugh, and walked briskly about five steps straight from Lydia, and then, turning quickly around, came back close to her and said, softly: "Did you hear what Mabel said about that spark in the ashes?"

"I heard it."

“ Well, she’s the oracle of the Grandfather.”

“ Oh, I am now reminded that you were going to drink to her you once loved, but now only remember;” and she handed him the concave bark full to the brim.

“ Pardon me, my dear friend. I beg leave to defer that indefinitely. It cost me three years in a foreign land to travel to the frigid zone of my heart, where the snows that ended the summer of love were lighted only by the flitting meteors of the borealis race. But your magic presence here to-day has again placed that icy region under the burning sun of the tropics. Already the snows have gone, and their place is occupied by the water lily, perfumed with spices and cloves, and spreading its sweet petals upon my bosom.”

“ Ha! ha! what an eloquent speech. Sure enough the lily of the Nile is called the lotus, and you have one pinned on your bosom to-day; and she is perfumed with spices and cloves! Has not that lily bouquet gone deeper than the lapel of your coat?”

“ Do you not see that I have left her off and swapped her your partner for myself?”

“ Indeed, he is no partner of mine.”

“ I wager he gave you the rhododendron that you wear.”

“ Yes, he gave it to me, but—”

“ Ho! ho! I knew it.”

“ But I pinned it on, not for him, but to show that I appreciate the lovely season and the beautiful world.”

“ Indeed, the floral kingdom is in luck to have its brightest gem in so sweet a setting.”

“ I see the frigid zone failed to freeze the flattery out of you; but you must now quickly overtake and pin your lotus to your coat again, or you will have treated her impolitely.”

They started. The narrowness of the path crowded them into single file. It was rugged with rocks and often crossed by the trunks of fallen trees. As often as Clipper-steel passed over an obstruction he turned his face backward, where Lydia placed both of her little shell-tinted palms in his strong hands, in her willingness to be helped. As she stepped down from one of the trunks—her hands in his—she said: “ I fear you will tire of pulling me over these logs.”

“ I only wish,” he replied, “ that the logs were ten to one, that I might indulge the oftener in so sweet a luxury.”

“ Oh, thank you for the delightful compliment! but I always thought that it troubled men to wait on ladies.”

“ To wait on you is a trouble in which I find the greatest pleasure.”

As he looked in vain for another log, he

turned to Lydia and said: "These are the cosiest woods I ever saw."

She looked at him, her face all aglow with smiles, and replied: "Did you pass through such flowery beds and mossy dales as these as you traveled toward the frigid zone of your heart? How near did you come to the North Pole?"

"You use me as a playhouse for your wits; but look! our friends are beckoning us to come. They seem to have found something very wonderful. See how they hover around and gaze intently on a particular spot in the path."

"Maybe they have found a rattlesnake."

"No; a rattler is found with exclamations of fright. The crowd springs apart as if blown asunder by an explosion; then, arming themselves with sticks and stones, the braver of them return to the onset and pelt the poor bell-tail to death."

They had found the fresh but poorly outlined track of what they supposed to have been a large bear. The guides said that even had it been Bruin he had heard or smelled them and fled into still deeper solitudes than they were traveling. Leather-shine, however, insisted on the party's marching in silent single-file, himself leading the column, with gun in hand. Mr. Toddy set the double-triggers, pulled back the flinted-

hammer, and Leathershine carried it with his finger near the trigger, his hand gripping the barrel, and the muzzle elevated, while the guides looked on and smiled, believing that he would run at the sight of a bear.

Suddenly a noise was heard like the claws of a large animal scraping on bark, when Leathershine, casting his eyes upward, saw through the mesh of evergreen boughs the bulk of a large object on the trunk of a tree, about fifteen feet above the ground. The gun was already pointing toward it, and as he wheeled to run he accidentally touched the trigger, when there was a loud report, and the object hit the ground with a deadly thud that indicated great weight. Leathershine dropped the gun, and ran back at break-neck speed, and, the path being narrow, the ladies had to dodge helter-skelter to keep from being knocked down by his dangling form. Recovering from their sudden fright, they approached the brave men who were gathering at the root of the tree where the object had fallen. Instead of a bear, there lay the lifeless form of a large man, with ill and distorted features.

"Abba father!" exclaimed the minister; "the innocent is slain."

"Maybe," said Clippersteel, "his wound

is slight, and he is breathless from the shock of the fall."

"The blood in his mouth," remarked Wiseman, "shows a wound in the vitals."

"That blood," spoke Toddy, "is from bruised lips."

"Hurrah! he is breathing!" exclaimed Bodenhamer, cheerily; "let us help him to an easy position."

Just as they would have put their helping hands about him, he rose to his knees, and, looking wild and frantic, said:

"Gosh, mate, who air ye? What ye doin' hur? I fell an' got the breath knocked out'en me. What ye shootin' at? Did ye think I wus a b'ar?"

The ball had scalped the tree before his face, and the splinters of bark that it knocked off had not only cut the skin, but felled him to the ground; but he did not know the narrowness of his escape. His long, undisturbed solitude had been broken by a report without warning, he had fallen, and that was all he knew.

As the excitement subsided, and the ladies began to breathe more easily, a wail of distress was heard in the direction that Leather-shine had gone. Mr. Skiles staid with the recovering man, while all the rest ran to see what had happened. Down where the lamentation was heard there was a tree-root

as large as a man's wrist that crossed the path, and the tramping of feet and the washing of rains had cut the dirt from under it, leaving a large hole between it and the ground. As Leathershine stampeded down the mountain he fell sprawling, and stove his head through this hole, so that the root crossed his back, near his elbows, and he was powerless to extricate himself.

When the relief party arrived the skirts of his coat, one of which Mrs. Toddy had sewed on after she got the 'table washed away,' were thrown up over the root; he had spread his feet wide apart to give himself ease, and turned his cheek to the ground to get his nose out of the rocks and gravel. The root stretched across his spine, had tension like a string crossing the bridge of a violin, and to loosen it Mr. Toddy drew a hatchet from its place in his belt and gave it a downward blow, when Leathershine squirming from its vibrations, cried: "Oh, goodness! you are skinning my back all over!"

Clippersteel and Wiseman gripped the root and pulled upward with all their might to keep the friction from his back, while Mr. Toddy severed it with collateral blows. With a little help Leathershine snaked himself out and sat on the bank of the path with

a bruised and bloody streak, full length, down the top of his nose.

The ladies were in deep sympathy with him; but when it became known that he was not seriously hurt, they were so amused as to forget all the excitement of the past. They turned their backs and giggled; they muffled their faces in their handkerchiefs and snickered; they bowed their heads toward the ground and chuckled, till finally their perception of the ridiculous overpowered them, and the gentlemen imbibing the mirth from the ladies, all, save Leather-shine, joined in such a roar of laughter as was never before heard on Grandfather Mountain. When Lydia became able to analyze her overwhelming conglomeration of sympathy and glee, she said: "Mr. Leather-shine, we are not laughing because you fell; it was the exceedingly awkward position that tickles us."

As they returned to join Mr. Skiles and his ward, Clippersteel fell behind with Leathershine, and, apprising him of what had happened, insisted that he should not add to the stranger's embarrassment by divulging to him that his life had been in peril.

The man's object in the tree was to gather balsam of fir, which, being a much valued medicine, I will acquaint the reader with its production, as follows: The resin of

the balsam tree is carried in the bark, and when this becomes overcharged it deposits its surplus just beneath the surface in small protuberances called blisters, because they resemble little bladders caused by fire or overwork upon the hands. These vary in size from a mere pimple to a bulk as large as a common marble, and the balsam is collected by tapping the larger ones at the bottom with a knife, and bringing pressure to bear upon the top, while the thick fluid runs slowly down into a little tin vessel, whose lip is firmly pressed against the bark below.

All over Grandfather is a scattered growth of red spruce (*Picea Rubra*), which the natives call *tamarack*. It is so much like the balsam that persons who do not investigate pass them for the same; but the resin of the spruce does not blister, and the needles of the foliage are round and fulvid green, while those of the balsam are flat and emerald. Skipper John Potter, who had just posed for the brave Leathershine as a substitute for a bear, looked like a resurrected giant of prehistoric ages. He was six and a half feet tall, and his feet, which were always bare in summer, were huge and long in proportion. His long, bony toes, when fairly spread by his weight, were connected near their base by red membranes like those

of a web-footed fowl. His garments consisted of white home-woven linen trousers a span shorter than his legs, a shirt of like material, with a broad turn-down collar, and a homespun jean coat of a very short pattern, as if made for the convenience of wading high water or to overtop the weeds of the forest. A retreating chin, a head flat on top and sheltered by a hat plaited of rye straw, characterized his upper extremity. His long, straight back was always leaned forward from a starting-point at his hips. He had evenly-set teeth; and when he laughed his mouth spread to his ears; while two good-humored streaks, one extending from each corner of the great vocal orifice, passed round and met on the back of his head. When he talked it seemed that the thunders had been endowed with the powers of speech. He was too wise for a fool and too ignorant to create an offense. His knowledge was so limited that the lack of it was by him unmissed. He often misunderstood the meaning of words, and when he attempted to apply one that he had heard a superior use, he generally missed it entirely and got one of similar sound. For instance, when he heard John Smith say that he was going to have his land transferred, he told Tom Jones that John Smith was going to have his land transmogrified. Once he

heard one man say to another: "I deny the allegation," and the next time Skipper had anything to dispute he said: "I deny the alligator."

When the Leathershine embassy got back to the minister and viewed the quaint proportions of their coerced augur, they construed his enthrallment with them as a foreboding that the trip would be another sweet drop in the fullness of life.

This was the first time that Skipper had fallen in with well-dressed, intelligent people. He had seen such at a distance, but supposed them to be haughty to the poor, and unapproachable by them. When, however, he found them kind to him, he became devoted to them, and they easily prevailed on him to accompany them on the journey.

The party was now ready to advance, and an appearance of composure prevailed; but it was only a veil of self-possession whose thinness revealed the disorganized feelings behind it. Skipper was the only happy person: the hardships to which he was always exposed quickly relieved his physical sufferings, and his sudden advent into society gladdened his heart.

Mr. Skiles and the guides sighed in their retrospective thoughts of an accident that came so near being fatal. Not only did Leathershine have his nose selvaged with

crimson, but the lack of good feelings resulting from an inherent want of manliness was intensified in his countenance. Clippersteel was saying in his mind: "I have passed upon Miss Lotus many compliments befitting to excite a young lady's expectations. She has confided in them and treated me so kindly! But the unthought of has happened, and my heart is a medley of joy and regrets! How shall I convince her that I am a gentleman still?"

The green lawn of Lydia's heart, on which the graces used to play, had smiled with sweet flowers again; but now a whirlwind passed over it and tangled its pinks and roses. If Clippersteel helped Lotus over the logs from there to the top, did she herself have self-possession to affect indifference? If he went with her, would not every log he pulled her over be a dagger in Lotus' heart?

Poor Lotus was guided by instinct, and instinct is the invisible power that guides the untutored in man or beast correctly. Woman is a creature of Divine instincts. It is instinctive in her to love the beautiful flowers; it is instinctive in her to decide correctly without reasoning. Appearances may falsify, but the invisible spirits around us will whisper the truth to woman in silence. Ah, sweet lady! if you will heed their voiceless warnings, they will be a guide and pro-

tection. Already the angel of the balsams had taken Lotus Palmer's hope upon her wings and moaned as she flew away! In the great dilemma of feeling that pervaded the realm of thought the three ladies locked arms, with Lydia in the centre, and Mabel said loudly: "You will all please excuse this trio, as we wish to walk behind for a rest."

Skipper had picked up from the root of the tree a sack containing his rations and the utensils of his trade. One end of a bark strap was tied around a corner of it at the bottom, and in that corner was a bulk of leaves like a doll's head to keep the knot from slipping over. The other end of the strap was tied around the mouth of the sack to secure its contents. He swung this pabulum under one arm, with the bark strap passing over the shoulder of the other side, pinnaced his head with his straw hat, and as the men filed up the path he presented a striking figure to the ladies as they viewed him from the rear.

When they had advanced a fourth of a mile—the ladies being quite out of sight behind—Mr. Skiles placed his hands upon his hips, and, leaning against a tree, exclaimed: "Oh, my spine!" when Skipper, embracing the opportunity to recommend his medicine, said in tones of thunder: "Ef you'll

jist buy a bottle of my balsam an' take it, you'll have no spine."

The ladies overtook the gentlemen at a cliff called Harmon's Rock, because it gave shelter to Malden Harmon, of Sugar Grove, when on his annual trips to Grandfather to replenish his brain with inspiration and gather balsam for family physic throughout the ensuing year. From this point a five minutes' walk took them to the top, where the view stretches away over mountains, and hills, and vales, and streams, and crags, and ravines, until, like the stars that form the milky way, they lose their identity and blend into a circle of ethereal blue. So extended was the view on that beautiful day, that the heavens lost their concave form, and stretched away over the blue domes and fading valleys to a horizon in the dim distance of the inseparable land and sky. The beautiful clouds, the ships of the ethereal sea, in whose electric berths the giant thunders were sleeping, now sailed only mountain high over the valleys, presenting a side view to the tourists; and, as they caught the rays of the sun in their rigging or allowed his beams to pass through between them to the beautiful earth below, the landscape was leopardized for miles around with a moving robe of light and shadow.

While the party was admiring the exqui-

site beauties of the scene, Clippersteel asked the more intelligent of his hearers if they had ever heard of the interesting diary kept by André Michaux when, in the eighteenth century, he journeyed in the Highlands of North Carolina. All of them, including our acquaintance, Leathershine, answered that they knew nothing either of that journal or its author.

“André Michaux,” said Clippersteel, “was sent to this country in 1785 by the royal government of France to collect seeds, shrubs and trees for the royal gardens, and at that time seems to have had an earnest loyalty. But after the French revolution broke out he evidently became a very zealous republican, a true Frenchman, as will appear from his ardent language upon the spot now occupied by ourselves; for thus reads a portion of the journal,” said he, producing a memorandum.

“ ‘ 1794. August 26.—Started for Grandfather Mountain, the most elevated of all those which form the chain of the Alleghanies and the Appalachians.

“ ‘ 1794. August 27.—Reached the foot of the highest mountain.

“ ‘ 1794. August 28.—Climbed as far as the rocks.

“ ‘ 1794. August 29.—Continued my herb-
orization.

“ ‘ 1794. August 30.—Climbed to the summit of the highest mountain of all North America, and with my companion and guide sang the hymn of the Marseillaise, and cried: “ Long live America and the Republic of the French! Long live Liberty! etc.” ’ ’ ’ *

“ But was he not mistaken as to the highest mountain?” inquired Mr. Skiles, profoundly.

“ Indeed, he was in honest error, for the range of the Rockies was not known to him; and in those days, when the unknown heights of the North Carolina mountains were compared by the effect of their environments upon the æsthetic mind, or by the length of the rivers that trickle from their feet, Grandfather was conceded to be the highest. In truth, there can be no better proof of its surpassing beauty, to-day, than the fact that a man of Michaux’s taste gave vent to his greatest enthusiasm upon its summit; for he had traveled in Persia; he had seen the Alps, under whose frowns Cæsar battled with the Gauls; he had journeyed from the White Mountains of New Hampshire to the Blacks in North Carolina, and his eyes had been cultured to the flowers of the king’s garden.

* See an extract from the Journal, Chapter xix.

Just at this instant a buffeting breeze lifted Skipper's light hat from his crown and gave him a lively southward race for its recovery; and every time that one of his big feet went forward, the heel of the other flew up behind and hit him on the hip, while his great hands were extended forward in pursuit of the structure of cereal straw.

Leathershine had now recuperated sufficiently to envy Clippersteel and intrude remarks upon Lydia. Said he to her: "I will get you another flower: the one I gave you below the spring is wilting." As he said it, a meteor shot across Clippersteel's face and the borealis blushed in hers. She had told him she wore it only in dutiful reverence to beautiful Nature; would he distrust her? If he believed it even possible for her to have loved Leathershine, he would no longer be the rich wreck of her typhoon, for she knew that although a high-toned gentleman may tolerate a worthy rival, yet he will drop his suit rather than dive for pearls in muddy water. If she held aloof from "Mr. Clippersteel" out of sympathy for Lotus, might he not ask himself the question: "Is she in love with that weakling that she avoids me?" For the first time in her life she felt love's ambition rise in self-defence, and she stepped farther from Leathershine and nearer to her lover,

like a dove flying from the fanged hawk to its haven on the bosom of its mistress. Lydia had finally discovered that a small mistake, made innocently, might tear down a temple of love, and that so weak a thing as exaggerated modesty might knock the beautiful columns of connubial friendship, with their capitals of gold, from under a well supported heart. But let us pass to rest and refreshment; for the next hour let us notice only the better qualities of Leathershine, that we may not mar the tranquillity of our story.

It was now proposed to combine lunches and dine in common; but when Lydia spread hers she blushed: not that it did not do credit to Mrs. Toddy, nor that it was not sufficient, both in quantity and quality, to satiate the relish of the hungry, but because it was now overshadowed by the cakes, pies, pickles and jellies brought by the Misses Palmer. But the excess of the substantial in hers filled a corresponding vacancy in the other, and at the end of the meal she smiled with satisfaction.

Skipper, whose sack contained only corn dodger, dried beef and ramps,*—which he dug daily in the woods—had gone off to look

* The native name of an edible leek, having two broad leaves and a bulb like an onion.

for some well blistered balsams; and, returning just as the dinner was ready, he gazed upon it as if he thought it had just fallen from heaven; and when the minister bowed his head and thanked the Lord for it—the like of which he had never seen before—he really looked up, as if to spy out the hole that it had slipped through. He was invited to draw near and dine, but he was yet too wild to accept. He thought that such delicacies had to be eaten with certain manners and ceremonies, which, if erred in, he would meet some terrible punishment, or be ruined in the sight of his new friends. If the Greeks had waked up on high Olympus and seen the gods and goddesses feasting on nectar as they had feigned, they would not have been more awe-stricken than was Skipper at that noontide hour. He went off about ten steps, and sat down behind some bushes, with his mammoth feet extending out into the open, and resting on a rock in fair view of the ladies. Through the limbs and leaves that partly screened him his hand could be seen carrying portions from the sack to his great mouth as it flew open and shut like a trap.

Our three ladies were of that high class that can be provoked to mirth by the ridiculous and touched to tears by the pitiable in the same person. So now they sent him

a nice lunch, which he accepted with rude apologies for robbing the owners of such a heavenly morsel.

After the repast Skipper said to one of the guides: "Do you see them two big mountains away yander?" pointing with his finger.

"Yes," replied the guide.

"Do you see that big mountain through the gap 'tween the two, further on?"

"Yes."

"Gor!" roared Skipper, giving his hand a dive, as if he would reach to the place.

"Gor! Peggy lives right down 'hind that mountain."

The minister, the guides and Skipper were content to rest, but the young people began to scatter off, and to climb up neighboring cliffs and sit in their shelves.

Each lady was heart-hungry to be alone with the kindred soul of a companionable opposite, and to feel his sweet words burning their way into her bosom's core. Each young man was fairly dying to set a tongue of love in every sweet-scented zephyr that fanned his fair one's brow, and to find some cosy corner where his mute heart could break silence to her alone.

To the right of a visible path—not the one they had come—as it led down the north side of the mountain, was a large boulder,

as tall as a man and proportioned like a bed. Its oblong top was carpeted with such a deep cosy mantle of moss that it rolled down over the edges like a heavy scroll, and up through it jutted, here and there, a bunch of ferns from its roots in the mould beneath. As the minister looked down the slope from his resting-place on top, he saw the backs of the Misses Palmer, with Bodenhamer between, as they sat deeply embedded in this cushion of moss, with their feet dangling off on the lower side. In front of them a massive rock jutted its summit above the trees. Its angular surface was broken by connected crags and spiral shelves, by which it could be ascended; and it was so densely covered with moss and shrubbery that only a few small patches of the bare rock could be seen. Leathershine scaled this rock to the summit, and, sitting outlined against the sky in the image and likeness of a granddaddy-spider, called to Lotus to come up there and see the prettiest place in the world. She refused, on the plea of danger; but he insisted, patting the moss beside him as an alluring seat, and proposing to descend and help her up. Then said Mabel: "Sister, why don't you go up there? It's not going to hurt you." Here Bodenhamer, taking up the gravity of the occa-

sion, said: "Yes, you will be the first girl in the world to ascend that rock"

"But what if I get killed?" asked Lotus.

"Then," replied he, "we will think of you as the prettiest angel in Paradise."

Lotus was not flattered, but, seeing that her absence was desired, she went, and as Leathershine sat by her side—anchored by vanity to that skyey pinnacle—he craved his admirers as much as did the strong-minded Bodenhamer, who had now artfully dispensed with one sister, that he might enjoy the undivided luxury of the other's society.

Lotus had not gone up there for pleasure, but strictly for convenience; and to keep that fact clearly before the world she spoke her conversation so loud that the nearby cliffs rung with reverberation.

As Leathershine was talking in an undertone, she shouted loudly, but pleasantly:

"Oh, Mr. Leathershine! don't tell me that you love a girl whom you never saw till three hours ago! You don't mean it when you say that I am pretty. Why, if you were to swap Miss Lydia off for me, you would have to ask a lump of gold as large as this rock to boot."

Leathershine squirmed as if conversation were out of joint, and, pointing to a cliff,

asked Lotus if she could not discern the picture of a cow lichened on its face.

“ Yes,” she screamed, “ I see that cow !”

Bodenhamer looked up with a smile, and quoted softly Napoleon’s maxim: “ From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but one step.” But good-hearted Mabel, wishing to relieve the young man’s predicament, called out: “ Sister, Mr. Leathershine is not deaf.”

Fortunately Clippersteel and Lydia had not heard trumpet-tongued Lotus blowing her blast from that seat in the clouds. They had meandered down the little path and stopped just in the rear of ‘ Lydia Rock,’ where they stood and gazed across its dreadful brink at the great Roan Mountain that rose in the west. This cliff is as high as four tall trees set with the root of one upon the top of another; and in the many crevices that scar its perpendicular face grow ferns and wild pinks, and on its brow clusters and blooms the little evergreen shrub *Dendrum buxifolium*. This plant has leaves like those of boxwood, but smaller; it blooms in white clusters of tiny, five-pointed stars, and in the month of June they are so thick as to half obscure the leaves. It has so much the nature of a vine that it often completely covers the rocks with a soft, deep, flexible cushion, on which a gentleman may recline •

Photo by D. H. Gwyn.



LYDIA ROCK.

at ease, with his lady sitting by him mired to her waist in a girdle of beauty.

Midway between our standing lovers and the great abyss, the top of the rock descended by having in it a bench like a church pew, the same being completely cushioned with beautiful folds of blooming dendrum. In front of this, however, there was no pulpit, that part of the church having broken off and fallen into great depths, leaving only a narrow floor space like a piazza. Clipper-steel helped Lydia down over this seat to the floor space in front of it, where their feet were embedded to the tops of their shoes in dendrum, and they sat down as a picture in a margin of flowers. In front of them was an awful gulf, dreadful in the apprehension of its dangers; but they looked across it and far beyond to where the great group of the Roan and the great chain of the Blacks reared their dark domes like inverted kettles against the sky, and the refrangible light mantled them as with the purple of an eastern empire.

But scenery cannot entertain love; it can only environ it with a charm, instruct its virtues, and give an excuse for its lingering vows. The danger that lurked in that tragic brink gave each a foretaste of love's interest in the safety of a dear companion. For the moment they were as silent as the inau-

dible cliff. What were they about to say? No one was near to eavesdrop, and the trembling ferns could never repeat the touching story. But the envying echo, who steals the pathos from all sweet words and returns only the hollow bones of speech, was trying to mock them. Ovid says:

“ She was a nymph but only now a sound,
Yet of her tongue no other use was found,
Than now she has which never could be more
Than to repeat what she had heard before.”

“ Juno inflicted this punishment upon her for her talkativeness; for when, prompted by her jealousy, she came down to discover Jupiter among the nymphs, Echo detained her very long with her tedious discourse, that the nymphs might have an opportunity to escape.”

“ This change impatient Juno’s anger wrought,
Who when her Jove she o’er the mountains sought,
Was oft by echo’s tedious tales misled,
Till the shy nymphs to caves and grottoes fled.”

“ Echo by chance met Narcissus rambling in the woods, and so admired his beauty that she fell in love with him, courted him, followed and embraced him, but he broke from her embraces and fled; upon which the

despised nymph hid herself in the woods, and pined away with grief, so that every part of her but her voice was consumed, and her bones were turned into stones."

" Her flesh consumes and moulders with despair,
And all her body's juice is turn'd to air ;
So wondrous are the effects of restless pain,
That nothing but her voice and bones remain ;
Nay, ev'n the very bones at last are gone,
And metamorphos'd to a thoughtless stone,
Yet still the voice does in the woods survive ;
The form's departed but the sound's alive."

Narcissus, as we shall see, received his reward for refusing to make himself happy by giving happiness to another. His fate which follows should be a lesson to the vain.

His thirst led him to a fountain whose waters were clear and bright as silver ; and when he stooped to drink he saw his image, and gazed at it insomuch that he fell passionately in love with it. He continued a long time admiring this beloved picture ; and we suppose that it was after he got bald and felt the sting of being less attractive to young nymphs that he discovered his torture to have resulted from the love of himself.

“My love does vainly on myself return,
And fans the cruel flame with which I burn;
The thing desir'd I still about me bore,
And too much plenty has confirmed me poor.
Oh, that I from my much-lov'd self could go!
A strange request, yet would to God 'twere so.”

In a word, Narcissus, by thinking himself too good for his equals, became a wizened old bachelor, and at last, by the favor of the gods, was changed to a daffodil, a flower called also by his own name.

The hapless ghost of Echo now lurked in the face of a neighboring cliff, and envying our lovers because she were not Lydia and Charlie, her long lost Narcissus, tried to mimic and expose their conversation to those who were seated high on the rocks above.

When words are 'flected from a distant wall,
We think sometimes a friend does for us call;
But Echo's voice subdued by Juno's stroke,
Can ne'er repeat them louder than they're spoke.

As Narcissus had disappointed Echo in love, and she had fled, so Charlie and Lydia disappointed her in not speaking loudly, and she fled again; for now they conversed in low, melting murmurs, like the sweet impressions of distant music, when we stop

suddenly and bid our friends be still, that we may hear another strain.

“Look,” said he, “how these little runners from the dendrum are laden with bloom. They protrude themselves through between us like vines stealing their way into an old manse through a break in the wall. What tidings do they bring?”

“Do you not know,” replied Lydia, “that near you is a little house whose wall is broken, and through which protrudes a rambling rose, with thorns touching the heart that you profess to love?”

Chippersteel gave one side of his mustache a twist as he recollected his approach to the spring, where the arrows of mirth from his party had gone forth and become daggers in the bosom of her he most loved; and as the lively fire that joy had kindled in his eye softened to a pathetic glow he said:

“Let me console you! When I cannot have what I love I try to love what I have; and, in what I supposed to be the endless absence of your love and the never-returning presence of your person, I was not talking as I felt, but trying to feel as I talked, that I might find ‘respite and nepenthe’ from the days of yore!”

“And is it a fact that I have punished you all these years?”

“ Indeed, it is, and now I implore your pardon, and repeat it thrice for emphasis, that I may merit your love, cleansed from every bane of that direful colloquy at the spring! Do you forgive?—can you forget?”

“ I freely forgive, but how can I forget? Had I had time to wish, I should have craved that the earth had opened and swallowed me, that I might have known a sweeter mouth than yours!” Here her voice faltered; the tide rose in her two little blue spherical oceans, in which Cupid was wont to swim, and its floods banked against the lids like circles of liquid silver; her dimples radiated scarlet paths for the inlet of tears, and her whole face moistened as if to exude ambrosial dews. He looked upon her as if the pearly gate had swung open, and he had discovered the blessed abode. Then he put his arms gently about her, and, as he kissed her flushed cheek, her lachrymal lakes overflowed, and she leaned on his bosom and wept.

“ O’er him her looks she hung and her soft breast
The pillow was, where he and love took rest.”

While the silent court of hearts held its sacred session, he condemned himself with the words of Me-tas-ta-si-o, as follows:

“ ‘ In that embrace, and that forgiveness,

that piteous face and that sigh, my punishment is felt more just, and I feel myself more guilty; what thou wert to me, and what I am to thee, my afflicted heart clearly understands, which measures its transgression by thy pardoning love.' "

CHAPTER VII.

RETURN FROM THE SUMMIT.

“When he spoke, what tender words he used!
So softly, that like flakes of feather’d snow,
They melted as they fell.” *Dryden.*

It was two o’clock; the party had reunited on the summit, and the clouds that glided over them toward the east were as swimming continents in the blue heavenly ocean. Some were connected by isthmuses and others divided by straits. They cast their shadows upon the earth by catching the sunshine in their golden fields, and their boundaries were braided with silver. Their gulfs, bays and peninsulas were constantly changing forms in the trade wind of the sky. The Old World now passed over them, and as it went the English Channel parted and an isthmus was thrust between connecting France and Great Britain; and the Strait of Gibraltar widened as South Africa swung to the east and closed out the Red Sea. Thus the heavens vied with the earth for the superior beauties of the day.

Our acquaintances now left the summit with such parting compliments as “Good-bye, Grandfather!” “Farewell, ye sweet

Groves!" "We shall never all be together here again!"

In the long single-file that plodded down the trail our lovers fell in behind. They were very polite to each other, but also very quiet.

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy, if I could say how much."

They were evidently musing. Lydia had already found in her recent resignation visions of a model home where she would be "the empress of one noble heart, and that heart in turn possess all of hers." The wide yard was entered by a gate overhung with an arch of roses, and the piazza was approached between lines of smiling flowers. Gaudy-winged butterflies nestled in the vines by the columns, and humming-birds buzzed in the jonquils, and then spun their rayey flights toward the sun. Ripe fruits in the back yard filled the air with rich aroma, and the voice of him she loved fell upon her little shell-tinted ears like silver bells rung by the graces at a burgoo of the gods. The crystal spring hard by, hedged around with rhododendron and overhung with spreading beeches, mirrored her happy face; and its waters thence passing into the dairy accumulated its depths

around great jars of cream and churns of buttermilk looking like boulders that had rolled down from the heights. Such were the visions of our prospective bride on that fatal day.

And how changed were the fortunes of him by her side, who had but three hours ago been trying to plaster the bruises on his storm-tossed heart with the fabric of travels and mirth. Yet all in his bosom was not peace. He thought of a dream that he had had when a boy. In that dream it appeared to him that he had committed murder, and was in prison waiting to be tried for his life. While dreaming this he dreamed also that he asked himself the question, "Can it be a dream?" The answer was: "No, it is as clear as the light; it is reality. I shall lose my sweet life upon the disgraceful gallows; I shall disgrace my good parents, and my once lustrous name will be a stigma among all the noble boys and girls on the old playground where I have gone to school. Here he awoke, and his tears of sorrow in sleep mingled with those of joy in wakefulness in the same gracious drops, and dis severing his hands from the cover, he stretched them on high and thanked the Powers that Be that it was but a dream!

His present joy was not more vivid than

had been that dream of old, and therefore might he not wake up in his tent by Golihue Bowman's cabin to find his girl in Raleigh, and his sterile heart still unfertilized by the pollen of the feminine charms?

"Oh, great Jehovah!" thought he, "if I am dreaming, please consign me to eternal sleep, and let my dream continue with no change save the happy evolutions of this spring of love."

He thought of the joyful visions that some persons have had in the feverish delirium of death, and he said: "Maybe I have fallen from Lydia Rock, where I am dying unconscious of my wounds at its base. If this be true, give me excess of death! Let me die on till the archangels are decrepit with age and go on crutches. Here he stumped his toe against a log and tumbled over it into a very unceremonious position on the lower side. He bounced up like a rubber ball, and, looking down the path, was glad to see that all faces were from him; for he had an instantaneous impression that such a fall would elicit unsatisfactory comment from the freakish Leathershine. His face, all aglow with blushes, he presented his hands to help Lydia down from the log. She took them, and with a smile and a laugh said: "'And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.'" "That,"

said he, " was another one of your ' exceedingly awkward positions,' " and they joined in a laugh of refinement and joy that caused those in front to look back and wonder what had happened.

A few more rocky stairways descended, and they were united at the spring, where the concave bark, full to the brim, was circulated with free politeness; and Clippersteel, being the last to drink, raised it to his lips and said:

" Here is to De Leon, who searched for this ' fountain of youth ' which he never found. May his soul be at peace and the sympathies of mankind with his memory."

As they arrived opposite the mysterious old man they struck a stretch of broad path along the top of a ridge; and Clippersteel and Lydia being behind, he asked her to take his arm, that they might walk together under the benign influences of " The Great Stone Face " and receive his benediction.

" Thank you," she said, " to take your arm in the frontier of that moody brow is a good omen."

" Thank you in return. I hope it portends that you are going with us to the Palmer residence, that I may protect you against the whims of yonder capricious Leathershine. Watch him walk. The very

sling of his shanks betrays a hang-dog brain."

"Do you think the word capricious defines him?"

"Yes, a capricious man is one on whom you cannot rely for constancy. His brain is cut up into little bits, and no two of them are alike. One has in it a page of flattery, another a breach of trust, and a third something never heard of before, and, therefore, has to be named after it has been revealed. Two of them never act at once, one seldom acts twice in succession, and the one next to act is always a suspicious stranger. If one creates a good impression, another destroys it by performing a sharp trick. He designs and executes mischief against those who have innocently incurred his displeasure, and then absconds to conceal his guilty face—such is your friend Leathershine."

"Do not call him my friend. I only crave your protection against such an enemy. I do not like him. Listen to that affected laugh!"

"Laugh? He has no laugh. A laugh is the keyboard of the heart, sounded, and tells what stuff the instrument is made of. His brain is a loose wooden ball in a dry cavern, and when he pretends to laugh he simply admits the wind into his hollow husk and rattles it. He has no conscience, and having no

conscience he values not honor, and valuing not honor he fears not the prison, and fearing not the prison he would not hesitate to commit crime. Beware of him; he is dangerous."

"You have confirmed as true what I had partially believed. When I get back to Valle Crucis, I shall never go again where he is one of the party."

But you will not go toward Valle Crucis this evening. I heard the ladies insisting on the minister to go with them, and he was inclined to consent on condition of your willingness."

"The entire family belong to his church, and he preaches in their house."

"Ah! that settles it. The river of my joys shall not part into two streams to-day; and if it does to-morrow, they shall soon flow together again, leaving an island bounded on my side with love. They stopped, and Lydia looked upon him as the meek-eyed morn looks upon the sky-kissed mountains, and said:

"Mr. Clippersteel"—then she smiled and set him at doubts by speaking her feelings in a half burlesquing style—"Mr. Clippersteel," said she, "your sweet speech sets me ill at ease, lest you who have fallen from heaven to-day should have an untimely return; for—

“ ‘Tis the joys most prized that are fleetest,
And quickest creep out from the heart,
As perfumes that are richest and sweetest,
Are the earliest ones to depart.’ ”

“ That,” said he, “ is the loveliest tribute I have ever enjoyed, and comes from the happiest source. Do you mean it?”

“ To be sure I mean it,” she replied, affecting to conceal a smile.

Clippersteel saw that it was the truth, feeling its way lest he should think her too demonstrative, and he said:

“ Your fears are not well founded. The best of us have a tinge of superstition inherited from remote ancestors, and thus it is with you. Let us ‘ mix reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth,’ that we may have ‘ cheerful yesterdays and confident to-morrows.’ ”

My love, if it's been sweet to you,

O! sweeten it once more!

Upon your smiling ruby lips,

Its only stock and store;

Love's currents sweet shall meet again,

Upon those dimpled doors

In passing from your heart to mine,

And from my heart to yours.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROLLINGBUMB,—THE HUNTER.

“What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.”

Shakespeare.

THE horses that had been tied at Linville Gap in the morning were neighing and pawing the ground. They saw the party descending, and they seemed trying to say: “You have been gone a long time; make haste to give us our dinner.” The sack of corn had been thrown high across a limb to protect it from wild swine. Mr. Toddy took it down, and while he divided it to the greedy, thankful, impatient creatures, his comrades were listening to a dozen bells, worn by cattle which the settlers in the valleys had turned into the mountains.

The cow-bell is a bronzy-cheeked, iron-tongued, open-mouthed herd-finder. It is made in different sizes and on different musical keys, so that in case more bells than one are heard at once, each will reveal to the owner’s understanding the whereabouts of his herd. Some of the bells were but

faintly audible in the distance; some were so near as almost to reveal the herds that wore them, and others were midway between.

Our lively party had suddenly become weary-looking. The silence was broken only now and then by a low, slow interchange of dreamy-eyed words. The jangling, twangling, tinkling chime of the bells, on the flowery, ferny, brook-channeled slopes of the mountains, had entranced them into a drowsy, soul-lulling stupor by which they felt the deep sorrows of the lonely dell.

If you, my reader, will now imagine that you hear this moping melancholy of the bells at the close of the day, and that you hear mingled with it the hoot of the owl from the topmost spire of the giant hemlock, the gobble of the wild turkey on his night-perch in the great oak, and the trilling, thrilling song from the inspired breast of the sunset-warbler, you will have a not overdrawn picture of the wild woods such as the writer often witnessed when a barefoot boy. Oh! how it hurts me that the law-making powers will allow the dust-vomiting sawmill, the disemboweler of the sacred oak and the lofty pine, to destroy every vestige of beauty that I inherited from my fathers!

Our phlegmatic party were suddenly aroused from their lethargy by the whip-

ping crack of a rifle about two hundred yards away.

“Thar,” roared Skipper, “ef that man wuz as empty as his gun, he’d want his dinner.”

“Someone,” said Wiseman, “who came out to salt his catte to-day has killed a deer.”

A brush cracked, and simultaneous with it Clippersteel and Bodenhamer hallooed: “There he comes!” Look out!” And as they slung the ladies out of the way—time would admit of nothing less rude—a large stag, bounding toward them in the throes of death, upturned his heels and fell where they had been standing. No sooner did he hit the ground than Wiseman ran with open knife and bled him in the neck. In an exultation of joyous excitement the men all yelled so loud that the cattle in the woods stopped feeding, and the bells were silent while they listened.

The stag had put the whole party on more easy terms with one another. They were laughing and talking about the ridiculous way they had acted. The ladies had not seen the stag coming, and therefore supposed the men had gone suddenly mad. Even Leathershine was popular for the moment, and Skipper roared: “Gor! wee’l have venison for breakfast.”



THE SING'S LAST BOUND.

“Hark!” said Clippersteel, “I hear the owner coming full-tilt. Listen to the lively larum of his hunting bell as he approaches.”

“Please,” entreated Lydia, in soft excitement, “tell me what a hunting-bell is?”

“It is a common bell which the hunter carries with him in the mountains, because the wild deer are so accustomed to meeting belled cattle that they pass him unnoticed, and he gets a shot when he would not. Cul-lang-cul-lang-cul-lang! came the bell, and a uniquely dressed hunter leaped through the curtain of the woods with his rifle swinging in the grip of his right hand. Slacking his speed somewhat, he whooped to the strangers: “I knowed I’d killed ’im; but jist as I tetched the trigger he made a step, an’ I hit ’im a leetle too fur back; that’s why he run so fur.” Without any halt he strode right into the group, at the same time talking lustily and drawing a sheath-knife from its scabbard on the shoulder-strap of his shot-pouch; but as he stooped over the deer he exclaimed: “By jings! some uv you’uns has stuck ’im fur me. I’m much obleeged to ye.”

He examined the blood-spot on the stag’s side and then, straightening up and looking at Mr. Toddy with surprise, said, in a lively-humored voice:

“Why, how are ye, Tom? I didn’t know

you wuz hur. I han't seed ye before sense the shootin' match. Well, the beef wuz purty well divided out that day; an' I'd ruther see it that way then fur one man to git it all—by jings! I'm all'ys willin' to live an' let live."

The whole party now gazed at Rolling-bumb as he stood, six feet tall, with the tips of some sword-ferns peeping out from under his buckskin moccasins, which were laced about his legs with rawhide thongs. The breech of his long fire-lock rifle rested on the ground, with the muzzle leaning against the collar-bone of his right shoulder. The bell swung under his left arm by a leathern collar, which, passing diagonally up his chest, formed a cross with the strap of his shot-pouch that hung on the other side.

His face was round, with great facilities for a beard, though, like Julius Cæsar, he never wore one. He spoke in a strong, emphatic voice, and emphasized with forcible gestures. His high forehead was half obscured by a brimless coon-skin cap, having the beautifully ringed tail of the animal attached to the hinder part, where it hung down his back and rolled to and fro at the will of a gentle breeze. He wore a turkey-red blouse, in native parlance "hunting-shirt," the same being drawn close about

him by the long corners, which were tied together in front just below the waistband of his homespun trousers.

Such was the growth of hair about his chest and shoulders that it grew up and hung out over his shirt collar in black profusion like a fringe. So significant was this feature of his person that a deaf-mute, who made himself understood by motioning, told that Rollingbumb had killed a bear by showing that it was done by the man with a hairy neck.

Mr. Toddy did not introduce Rollingbumb because such a frontispiece to an acquaintance was not then understood by the mountain people; so the hunter looked round and said pleasantly in his rude dialect: "Strangers, what mout yer names be, anyhow?"

Here Leathershine saw an opportunity, and, answering quickly for the party, said in reply:

"They mout be Jones, or they mout be Smith, or they mout be Vance."

Rollingbumb, being a man of native intelligence, and therefore understanding the import of the sarcasm, looked upon the critic with "grim, fire-eyed defiance," and said in a firm voice: "I'm an unlarnt man; but if you fool with me, sir, I'll knock you as flat as a pancake."

The clatter of Leathershine's jawbones

playing upon the fiery zeal of the rough-hewn hunter had created a little flurry of excitement; but Mr. Skiles, feeling gangedreened at the conduct of his student, took the woodsman by the hand, and expressed regrets both for himself and his comrades that he had been thus insulted.

The hunter's wild blood retired from his face, and the sunshine of good feeling smiled once more across his rugged features. It was now proposed to buy the hams of his venison, and he offered them for one dollar. Clippersteel handed him the money, with the question: "Are you sure this is enough?" "Yes," he replied; "I mout git more by dryin' 'um, but I'm all'ys willin' to live an' let live."

The broad, bright sun, in his arching sweep, now flamed in from the west, casting the shadows as long as the trees. Lotus and Mabel were thinking of their mother and the hour of their expected return. They with Bodenhamer and Wiseman hastened down the road, so as to reach Golihue's cabin and saddle the horses by the time those left behind overtook.

While Clippersteel secured the venison, wrapped it in the sack emptied of the corn, and employed Skipper to carry it, Mr. Skiles and Leathershine were saddling the horses and putting in their mouths the bits

which had been taken out, that they might the better chew their food.

Leathershine led Lydia's horse up by the side of a large log, from which she mounted, and when in the saddle he placed her foot in the stirrup; all of which his previous handling of the horse and Mr. Clippersteel's detention with the venison almost forced her reluctantly to accept.

After an appropriate parting with the guide from Elk, Mr. Skiles said to Clippersteel: "Get on my horse; we will ride and tie, and neither of us will be tired when we reach your tents. Mr. Skiles was prevailed on to ride first, and Skipper being present with the hams on his shoulder, his right hand resting on the shank ends, all went down the merry Linville.

Leathershine now determined on a vile and insolent scheme, which, if successful, could only render him still more malignant. His motto was "rule or ruin," and since he could not have Lydia, he would destroy her prospects by leading Clippersteel to believe a falsehood.

"Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates the excellence it cannot reach."

Lydia ventured to ride by Mr. Skiles, but as often as the narrowness of the road

crowded them into single file Leathershine pressed his horse in by hers, and reminded her, in a voice audible to Clippersteel, of love-vows which he pretended she had made to him. In vain did she use silent contempt, in vain she cast remarks at those more distant.

“Please, Mr. Clippersteel,” said she, “lead my horse over this difficult road.”

Delighted at the opportunity to be of service, he took the rein, when Leathershine, being close by the lady’s side, placed his open hand beside his mouth, as if to turn the full force of his breath upon her hearing, and leaning quite over, whispered in her ear:

“Get up and ride, Mr. Clippersteel,” said the minister, alighting from his steed.

Clippersteel first conducted Lydia’s horse a little to the front, Leathershine being immediately on the other side, and then stepping back to Mr. Skiles’ steed, placed his foot in the stirrup.

When Leathershine saw that he was about to be superceded by the one in popular favor, it flashed into his mind to vex the occasion with a despairing adventure. He took Lydia’s horse by the rein, and, giving his ankle a twist, spurred him heavily in the side, at the same time hurrying his own, and the

two went in a sweeping gallop around a curve of the road.

“Thar,” roared Skipper, “he’s got yer gal an’ gone with ’ur.”

As Clippersteel lit in the saddle, he heard his intended say: “Let loose my rein. What do you mean?” And being impelled by a sudden feeling of rescue and revenge, he gave the horse a thud with his spurless heel, and went thundering down the road like a tornado, leaving the minister and Skipper in the desolated country behind.

Mr. Skiles gazed after the flying steeds with a dumfounded face, while Skipper stood by, with the venison on his shoulder and a pyramid of mud on the big toe-nail of his left foot, and said in an ecstatic voice that might have been heard by the man in the moon: “I’ll bet ye a gill of balsam ag’instant a dollar that them fellers ’ull fight over that gal yit.”

When Clippersteel passed round the curve behind which his true love and her captor had gone, he saw them going at full speed, so far down a long stretch of road that the laurel hangings seemed to crowd in almost to its closing. In hot pursuit, he snatched a branch from a rhododendron, and, larruping the horse with the broad leaves, the animal leaped forward with increased alacrity; and Leathershine, observing that the

management of two horses was unequally matched against the skill and speed of a single rider, dropped the rein, and, continuing his flight, was soon lost to view under the overhanging boughs of the forest road.

Lydia Meaks was an expert in the overland accomplishment of horseback riding, and would have prevented this equestrian tornado, but Leathershine, getting the horses under speed before she apprehended his intentions, all her skill was required to keep the saddle and evade the lowering boughs.

When Leathershine dropped the rein, she checked the speed of the horse and caracolled in the road, but her spirits were borne down with fear lest her Charlie would believe that the fires of jealousy burning upon the youngster's heart had been blown by the bellows of her own bosom. Guided, however, by a clear conscience, she galloped toward her champion, and when she met him each saw on the other's face spots of sunshine and shadow, like those produced on a harvest-field by the passage of broken clouds. Comprehending her fears and knowing her innocence, Charlie said, in a tranquil voice: "Be of good cheer, my dear Lydia, for in the game of snatch we are often taken by the one we least admire."

"Thank you," she said, panting for breath and regaining a smile; "and believe

me," she continued, " I never saw that fellow until a week ago; and although he seemed to be fond of my company, I never thought of his presuming to claim me for his own until this hour, during which he has kept my horse crowded into the woods and my ears inflated with wind."

" " He is the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril," " said Clippersteel; " had not the coward fled, I should have tested the thickness of his cranium."

" Let me implore you," answered Lydia, " for the sake of the good man whose pupil he is, that you treat him as beneath your notice, and I will stay beyond his ken."

" Hello," shouted Skipper, arriving with the hams on his shoulder and the obelisk of mud on his toe-nail; " you've got yer gal back, I see."

Lydia turned her head to conceal the humorous expression which the remark created upon her visage; and Clippersteel answered him with a look that was half laughter.

Mr. Skiles now inquired after his student, and, being informed of his flight, he said, solemnly and reverently: " I have often prayed God to gather his wild oats into the garner of repentance."

After Clippersteel had apologized to the

clergyman for driving his horse through the nimble storm of passion's fleet despair, the journey was continued.

CHAPTER IX.

GOLIHUE BOWMAN'S LOG CABIN.

"One pinch; a hungry lean-faced villain."

"Built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark."

Shakespeare and Milton.

GOLIHUE BOWMAN'S improvement consisted of a small half-moon-shaped field on the right bank of Linville, bounded on the straight side by the dimpling stream, and on the other by a wrinkle in the foot of the flat-top mountain. His log-cabin divided its straight side into halves, leaving space between it and the laughing river for a narrow yard, which in its other dimension was only as wide as the cabin was long.

This tiny square was gay with poppies, pinks and hollyhocks, showing that even in the wilds of the mountains, under the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther, the heart and hand of a woman had found their way. The rest of the inclosure was lush with corn, cabbage, potatoes and beans.

At the corner of the land-moon pointing down the valley were some log-stalls, and near them the banks of the stream sloped into a gentle crossing. On the higher bank, in front of the cabin door, stood a large

hemlock stump, whose axe-felled tree—now a log—huge, gray-barked and rugged, stretched high across the current, forming a foot-bridge over which the family passed to and from the dim road as it skirted the thicket of laurel and pine on the farther side.

The tapering end of the giant log was thickly clustered with long, spreading boughs, of which the line that stood perpendicular had been cut out to give passage to the footman, while two other lines, one on either side, rose above his head, but leaned asunder to give him room.

The topmost spire, which had originally crossed the road, had been chopped off and turned round, so that as one came to the end he stepped directly down from his cradle of boughs into the primitive highway. Just below, on the same side, the bank tapered into a bar, and on this freshet-worn plat, between the stream and the road, stood the two little blue tents of the night before, and from the ashes of their camp-fire, that had blazed in their front, there still rose a faint smoke.

The four who had left the gap in advance now came to a ford of the little river, across which, just below the wagon-way, was a zig-zag row of boulders, and the water, subdividing into swifter currents, rushed through

between them. Bodenhamer leaped from the bank on to the first one, and, reaching back for Mabel, they bowed to clasp hands across the draw, and she bounded over to him. In like manner did he help Lotus, and the three stood on the rock. The next boulder being too small for the occupancy of three, he conducted Mabel clear across and returned for Lotus. Wiseman, being a modest, married mountain gentleman, left all the honors of the occasion to Bodenhamer, but kept close behind for quick aid in case of a slip.

When they had gone a garden-space beyond the stream, they heard the clatter of hoofs, together with a terrible splash into the water, and, looking back, saw a great gush of spray go up from the ford, and through its spectral veil the ghostly form of Leathershine and his horse. As they emerged from the mystic vapors, all dripping from the going-up and coming-down of the churned waters, Bodenhamer called out: "Anything the matter?"

"A horse threw Mr. Clippersteel and broke his neck," said he, "and I am going for a team to convey the body to Colonel Palmer's;" and, spurring afresh, he thundered down the stream, and vanished in the hemlock and laurel like a perturbed goblin

fleeing to his night-kingdom in the murky shadows.

Bodenhamer, with his big nose and compressed upper lip, stood cool and collected, and as the ladies began with sorrowful lamentations, he said: "Be not excited; there is not a word of truth in it. It is something else, for he thinks he is pursued. Did you not see him look back, both before and after he passed?"

Wiseman, who had set the breech of his gun on the ground, now laid it back on his shoulder, saying: "They's sumthin' up; s'pose we go back an' see."

Clippersteel sighted his returning friends, and, apprehending their trouble, shouted:

"Halloa! Did a horse and rider pass you as if they had been shot out of a cannon?"

"Yes, and you are the livest dead man I ever saw. He said you had been killed by a fall from the horse, and that he was going for conveyance to bear the body away."

Skipper stepped forth through a boggy place in the road, with the venison on his shoulder, and as the jets of mud squirted up between his toes to the height of three feet above the ground, he roared: "Gor! he made a tremonstrous effort to steal Mr. Clippersteel's purty gal, an' jis' tol' ye that fur spite 'kase he couldn't git 'ur."

Skipper having "let the cat out of the

wallet," they all journeyed on, laughing, talking, sighing, smiling, fearing, hoping, trying to make the nerve-fiend let go the reins of their hearts. Skipper alone was happy.

Arriving opposite Golihué's cabin, they were surprised to see Colonel Palmer seated, as he was on the end of the big foot-log, his feet resting in the road, and standing by him a good-looking young man.

"You are late," said he.

"Unavoidably late," replied Bodenhamer; "such have been the excitements of the day that had Jehovah encountered them while making the universe, He would have been seven days in completing His work and rested on the eighth.

The Colonel deferred introducing the young man, but, among other courtesies that passed round, Mr. Skiles said,

"Colonel Palmer, this is Mr. Potter."

"Glad to know you," said the Colonel, shaking hands.

"Are ye?" roared Skipper: "Gor! did you meet that man what 'flew the cat-hole?'"

The cat-hole was a little square sawed out of the bottom corner of the door-shutter directly under the latch, through which the cats circulated freely when the door was shut. If the housewife got furious at the *felis domestica* for its depredations upon

the cabin-food, it slunk its wriggling flight through this hole to its freedom in the open air. If *canis familiaris* got after it in the wood-pile, it darted back for protection inside. So, in course of time it came to pass that when a mountain girl jilted her lover and he fled in abrupt haste his successful rival would say of him: "He flew the cat-hole."

Some of the Colonel's neighbors had cat-holes, but he had not heard of them, nor had he seen Leathershine, having been in Golihue's cabin when he passed, and, being puzzled to know what Skipper meant, he scanned him from the soles of his feet to the crown of his head. Then, stepping back to the young man, he said:

"Come here, daughters. Can you recall the features of this gentleman?" Knowing from their father's question that he was an old acquaintance, they came in friendly distance and looked at him with bright smiles and twinkling eyes and side nods of the head, as if trying to draw aside the gauze veil that years had drawn over his once youthful features, and discover in his ruddy cheeks the picture of the old schoolhouse and the old playground where they had sported together in happy childhood, or waiting to hear in his manly voice a faint echo of that sweeter intonation in which he

shouted the glad rejoicings of victory when his side had won out in a game.

In size he was the golden mean, in years twenty-five, with round, cleanly-shaven face, brown-colored hair, and those rare grizzly-blue eyes which radiate from the center like spokes, and, like the index of a strong book, cited one to wisdom behind the lids. Double-edged, drastic, spirited and steeled he stood, a blushing prisoner to the perennial fires that had been kindled in his heart in childhood, and burned through the long dead night. Fixing his eyes on Lotus, he said: "Do you not remember, one evening in the deep twilight, when a little girl's dress caught aflame from a bonfire of cornstalks, and a boy who was just arriving on the scene plunged her in the brook that skirted the garden?"

"Oh!" exclaimed Lotus—the fire-glow in her cheeks burned as if blown by a forge bellows; her lips were ruby prisms reflecting the spectrum analysis of the heart through braids of nectar, and her eyes were brown pansies steeped in morning dew—"Oh!" said she, "it is Clide Mumpower."

"Yes," said her father, "as she and Mabel shook hands with Clide, "he is the boy who saved your life."

Clide was now introduced to all save Skip-

per, who had sat down on a log to rest and laid the hams beside him.

“Colonel Palmer,” said Clippersteel, “you and Mr. Mumpower have come on foot to meet us; it is ten miles to your house, and, as we are all tired, I propose, if Mr. Mumpower will join us, that you and Mr. Wiseman ride speedily home to relieve the anxiety of your wives, and let the rest of us spend the night here. Our tents are already spread. Mr. Bowman has provender for the remaining horses, we have venison, lunch left over, ground coffee, and a stream full of fish. Mrs. Bowman could furnish us bread, milk, vegetables and a place for the ladies to sleep.”

Colonel Palmer dropped his chin upon his bosom, closed his eyes for a moment, and then, brightening up, said:

“Brother Skiles and his friend cannot be left in the lurch; they are going to my house to-night, and the girls would not think of being absent.”

“Oh, no!” replied Clippersteel, “they would stay here, and Mr. Skiles would honor us by dignifying the camp-fire of the young.”

“By the grace of God,” said the minister, “if my mind were clear, I would share venison with you to-night;” and, facing about, he added: “Brother Palmer, let me

“speak with you privately.” They walked down to the tents, where the Colonel agreed to inquire after Leathershine while the minister staid.

The two horses were quickly taken to the stalls and two others returned. Clippersteel had Skipper cut a slot through one of the hams, between the bone and the leader, near the shank end, and hang it in front of the tents, on a knot that protruded horizontally from the trunk of a hemlock, about five feet above the ground. He wrapped the other in the sack and laid it on the pommel of the saddle in front of Colonel Palmer, and Mr. Wiseman, having his rifle on his shoulder, the two cantered down the road and arrived at the Colonel's just as Sol put his fiery hand behind him and rolled his last golden billows over the hill-tops toward the east.

CHAPTER X.

PICNICKING ON THE LINVILLE.

"All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good."—*Pope*.

OUT of the thorns and thistles of the trying day had sprung the sweet roses of the coming night. The anticipated camp-fire, the supper, the pleasantries and the vows of love were all flowers that had suddenly bloomed from the accumulated evils of the journey. While sweet ebullition still bubbled on the pebbly stage Golihue skudded across the foot-log and made his appearance at the camp. Fixing his eyes on the venison, as it hung against the tree, he said: "By shaddies, where did you come across that?"

"We bought it of Rollinbumb, who killed it to-day at the head of this stream. Do you know him?"

"I ort to; he's my nephew. In the fall, when the bears git fat, he stays right up yander in a rock-house"—pointing toward the mountain—"an' ever' time he ketches one of the rascally hog-rogues he fetches me a piece."

"Do bears kill hogs?"

“ When one ketches a hog, he jest hol’s ’im down alive with ’is paws an’ eats till they’s not enough left of ’im to squeal. Ever’ one uv the cruel rascals ort to be killed.”

“ How far is it to that rock-house?”

“ Sumthin’ nigh a mile.”

“ Could we get you to go with us to see it this evening?”

“ Yes, sir; the sun’s gittin’ low, an’ we’d have to start purty soon.”

Mumpower and Bodenhamer with the Palmer ladies, and Golihue for a guide, hurried across the laurel and up the mountain toward the rock-house. Mr. Skiles lay in one of the tents reading his Bible. Skipper was chopping down a birch tree for the camp-fire, and Clippersteel, who had so admirably reclaimed Lydia’s love from cold storage, now helped her up on to the big foot-log, and they walked through the bower of boughs and along the great trunk to the little emblazoned yard of that isolated home in the wilds.

Lydia had had some rare experiences at Mr. Toddy’s the night before, and this was another place of the same class. It was one of those primitive log-cabins in which the family cooked, ate, slept, wove cloth, and made love, soap and hominy all in the same room—the only room—where a big wood

fire at night served both for light and comfort. But it was the best their circumstances allowed, and angels could do no more.

Golihue was one of those brave pioneers who helped to subdue the world into a happy home. His cabin was an improvement on the ordinary, having four rounds of logs above the joists, which gave height for a garret room. The stairway was a large log with notches cut in it for steps, the bottom end setting in the corner to the left of the fireplace, and the top leaning aslant like a ladder to its landing above the hearth. It was the time of year when the unused loom had been set aside, and as Clippersteel and Lydia entered they found good air and cleanly space. Mrs. Bowman, whose given name was Dumpsey, had just made a fire and put the skillet and lid on to heat while she made up corn dough with her hands.

“ Could you bake us some bread for supper, and spare us some milk, butter and potatoes ? ” asked Clippersteel.

“ Yes, sir. How many hobbies uv bread would you want ? ”

“ How large is a hobby ? ”

“ Jist wait a minute tell I put mine down, an’ you can see fur yerself. ”

She set the skillet over a bed of live coals that had been shoveled from the fire and

poured down on the hearth; then she stuck a piece of bacon rind on a fork and scoured it all round in the bottom and on the sides, so that the grease would not let the bread stick, and, returning to the tray, she took up a large ball of the stiff dough between her hands, and, holding it out before her, she oscillated it, revolved it, and shaped it into an oval, at the same time walking, talking and stooping, dropped it in on one side of the skillet. She put one in the other side by the same process, and then patted them down till they filled the circumference of the vessel, and joined through its diameter in a seam by which they could be easily broken apart when baked.

“The two ladies,” said Clippersteel, “who staid here last night want to stay here again to-night, and this lady with them.”

“Well, them two that’s not hur can sleep back there in the corner whur they did las’ night, an’ my ol’ man can sleep up in the loft along with the boys, an’ this gal can sleep along with one uv my gals, an’ my tuther gal can sleep along with me; that’s the way we’ll fix hit,” said she, with a complacent smile.

“Very well,” replied Clippersteel, as he and Lydia smiled with amusement, “we will send about dark for two hobbies of bread, one pound of butter and a gallon of sweet

milk; and to-morrow morning, at eight o'clock, we will take four hobbies, two pounds of butter, one gallon of sweet milk, and half a peck of baked Irish potatoes. What will it all be worth?"

"You can jist axe the ol' man 'bout that; he's sangkoin' 'round hur somewhur. I'll bake yer 'taters the las' thing, so they'll be hot to eat along with yer butter."

As they stepped from the door they began complimenting the flowers, and Dumpsey, hearing it, bolted out and plucked them some of each kind, and as the lovers crossed the big foot-log they stopped directly over the water, where Lydia pinned on his coat a little bouquet, which, by its delicate colors, forms and perfumes, symbolized her sentiments of tenderness and love for him whom they adorned.

"Thank you," said he; "their lustre is superficial, but their influence delves to the core. They are but another expression of your own sweetness and beauty."

"Thank you," she rejoined; "if every gentleman gave his wife or his lady friend such encouraging word-pay for her little deed of kindness as you do, the world would be an Eden."

As they walked on into the lap of rising boughs Lydia said:

"I have learned that these mountains con-

tain some of the quaintest and best people in the world."

"Sure enough," he replied, "we are to eat hot 'taters' along with butter, and the old man is 'sangkoïn' round; but I have learned also that a woman's clean hand is Nature's great spoon."

A few minutes later Lydia sat on a boulder by the sweetly murmuring stream, watching her champion catch trout for supper.

Meanwhile, as Golihue and his party scaled the mountain, Mabel fetched a tired breath and said: "Mr. Bowman, how far did you say it was from the tents to the rock-house?"

"I said hit wuz nigh onto a mile."

"Whoo!" blowed Lotus, "we've already come two."

"Mr. Bowman," inquired Bodenhamer, "how do you measure miles in this country?"

"By shaddies," said Golihue, good-humoredly; "we measure 'um with a coon-skin, an' throw in the tail ever' time we lay it down; but don't git out uv heart. I see the place through the timber now."

When Rollingbumb passed out from between the adamantine walls that they were approaching, and concealed his gigantic steel-traps beneath the leaves and moss of

bruin's passway, the grabs at the ends of the chains were not made fast to immovable objects, as might be supposed; because, in that event, a monstrous bear would have been better able to extricate himself than when the great transitory prison was allowed to move to the bent of every overpowering exertion of its captive.

When bruin suddenly finds his paw in steel shackles, against which all his weapons of carnivorous warfare are powerless, he invariably turns at right-angles from his trail, and seldom goes more than two rods before the grabs become entangled, as seen in the cut, and he comes to an abrupt halt. But after biting off all the shrubbery within the length of his cable, and turning everything around him topsy-turvy, he generally disengages himself, and then, snorting with rage and jingling his metallic fetters, he continues his clumsy flight, making signs that can be followed as readily as the path of a whirlwind, until the grabs catch under a root or around a bush, and he is hindered as before.

Thus clambering through his painful and provoking prison bounds, he seldom gets a fourth of a mile when the hunter, finding one of his traps missing, follows it up and slays poor bruin in the manner illustrated.

The rock-house had been formed by a large



ROLLINGBUMB TRAPPING A BEAR.

slab of stone sliding down over a cliff and leaning up against it, leaving beneath a long chamber with a triangular opening at each end. When this was occupied by the hunter, he closed the three-cornered thresholds by building a blazing fire in one and suspending the skins of wild beasts in the other. The rock that formed the shelter, and also the cliff that extended from either end of the cavern, were grown over with mosses and lichens, while clinging here and there in the crevices were beautiful ferns, orchids and wild pinks.

Golihue, with his party, entered at the west end, and, emerging at the east, they followed the cliff down to a deep hollow, in which great boulders, that had come down from higher altitudes, were piled one upon another. Some of them were carpeted with a soft moss, and the remainder had on top of them an accumulation of soil that supported a clustering jumble of wild turnip, dog-tusk violet, beth, mandrake, leeks, ferns, senica, spikenard angelica, ginseng, wild gooseberry bushes and many other plants and shrubs that flourished and bloomed in the most brilliant profusion.

Beneath this rich robe and the boulders which it mantled was a subterranean brook, whose invisible falls and cascades rumbled

like "muffled drums" as their waters passed on to some crystal outburst below.

Bodenhamer and Mabel occupied one of these boulders, listening to the roundelays of the hidden brook, as Mumpower and Lotus passed on to a point just beyond the audible range of gentle conversation, and sat on a mossy log that stretched from boulder to boulder across the hollow.

Golihue viewed the situation for a moment, and seeing that his room would be good company, he said: "By shaddies, while you fellers honeyfugle with yer gals a little while, I'll look 'round and dig me a scrimti-cle uv sang." A scrimticle meant a very small quantity; so he cut a stick about three feet long, sharpened one end as a substitute for a sang-hoe, and went prowling through the woods, gouging up and pocketing ginseng.

Bodenhamer had told Mabel about mountains and countries and peoples till she was getting impatient. She felt those natural longings of a woman's heart for words of tenderness and love from the man who was grand in her sight. He had affected to desire her picture. What did he mean by it? When they went down to the stream with rod and line, he had told her that if the fish would not bite he would have her put her lips down to the water, and, as they came up to

kiss her, he would grab them with his hands. What did he mean by that? When she had suggested that the beauty of a certain cloud, as it passed over them on the Grandfather, could not be excelled, he had said that if it were not for robbing the earth of its treasure, he could suggest an improvement. When she inquired what it would be, he had said that, if it were possible for her to sit on the edge of that fleecy cloud, and glide with it through space, the heavens had never been so fine before. What did he mean by that? Would he not explain himself? Would he not tell her on that rock that he loved her?

As these thoughts passed through her mind, the level rays from the sinking sun found an opening through the foliage of the trees, and a large spot of sunshine bathed the couple in that sort of golden glow that reddens as the sun declines.

“How is it,” said he, “that the only perfect spot of sunshine in the woods has fallen on us?”

“We were perspiring, and the sun seems to have known that if we cooled off suddenly we would take cold.”

“Heaven’s blessings shower upon you, and by being in your company I share their protection.”

“Thank you! you must have graduated at a school where they taught how to twist

the thread of conversation into compliments."

"It is not the result of education, but the angelic machine I have to twist on, that inspires me."

"Oh, thank you; but pardon me for fearing that no gentleman is too worthy to flatter."

"I forgive and respect your skepticism; you are entitled to it; but a flatterer is one seeking the advantage of another by blinding him with unconscious praise. Flattery is administered as the food of vanity, praise from the heart as an incentive to a higher life."

"Did you speak from the heart when you said that if I put my lips down to the water the fish would come up and be so anxious to kiss me that you could grab a mess for breakfast with your hands?"

Bodenhamer was in a dilemma. He had no mustache to twist, but, after giving the moss on the rock a few rakes, he said:

"Yes, rhetorically, I did, for it was a hyperbolical expression, intended to bring out the real attractiveness of a charming girl."

"Thank you, Mr. Bodenhamer; you are the only gentleman I ever met who could combine an explanation and a compliment with perfect grace."

"Thank you, Miss Mabel; a pretty com-

pliment from a pretty source is like Venus rising in the Orient."

"If your nice expressions are not intended to make me vain, I appreciate them."

"Indeed, you are too proud to stoop to vanity. Vanity and true pride can not dwell in the same person; vanity is disagreeable, you are pleasant; vanity is worthless, you are useful. A vain girl is like the peacock, which has no charm but his feathers, and confides in his plumage to maintain his popularity, while he rasps the ears of the neighboring fowls with his irksome cry. The only girl worthy of praise is the one who can hear it, receive and appropriate it, without losing one jot or tittle of the original simplicity that won it.

"Mr. Bodenhamer, you must have had two sweethearts at the same time—one fastidious, the other modest—and in going to see them alternately you drew the contrast."

"I did not get my knowledge exactly that way, but I know from observation that a self-important girl will slight her neighbor young men, of plain dress and worthy habits, for the strange tasseled coxcomb from a distance. A veritable fake, who, like the tortoise, carries all his fortune on his back, can drive up, in a livery turn-out, for the hire of which he has just mortgaged his next week's wages, and take her away from

the best man in the state, who chances to be on foot; and when she returns—maybe an hour after dark—she vainly thinks she has obtained his pardon by the explanation that the young man was the friend or relative, of her friend or relative, who lived in another town. When the insulted gentleman never pays his respects to her again, she finally says:

“I do wonder if he did get offended at that frivolous affair? If he had no more sense than that, I don’t care if he never comes back.”

“If the prince offer her his heart and hand she refuses him, in the belief that she can get the king; and when all good men have lost confidence in her, she turns back and marries the man whom she derided with nicknames.”

“What do you think, Mr. Bodenhamer, of the man who marries a girl who he knows has made him a laughing-stock among her friends?”

“I respect him a little less than I do a whining pig begging for a crumb. The pig is dependent upon the crumb, but he is not dependent upon her.

‘I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.’

The girl whom I wed must have done nothing before marriage that might awaken in me unpleasant thoughts of her afterwards. A worthy woman holds a man's unacceptable love sacred, for it is his highest gift. It is the only divine thing that she has a divine right to refuse, and to boast of that refusal is savage. The best letter I ever received was in the negative. Shall I tell you about it?"

"Certainly. I am anxious to know how a lady may refuse a gentleman's love without losing his friendship, and leave him feeling the same spirited, uninjured personage as before."

"It is done by good sense unrestrained. It is to stand on the pinnacle of all womanly virtues, that juts through and above the fog of vanity, while the vain sit and giggle on a mole-hill below, too ignorant to know that someone above the surfeiting vapors of their evaporating souls embraces the view.

"At a college commencement I met a young lady with raven-black hair, sky-blue eyes, round, vertical face, evenly-set teeth and pink complexion. Symmetry, as you know, is equality on either side of a straight line: and so symmetrical were her features that, if a strand of silk had been drawn down the middle of her forehead, over the point of her nose, and through the center

of her chin, each side of her face would have been exactly like the other."

"Oh, what a fine-spun description! No such thing with her as a mouth cut bias, so that one corner went up and the other down."

"No," replied he, with a smile; "her mouth was horizontal, and so fitly moulded that her lips kissed as they closed and smiled as they parted. I walked with her in the campus, took her boat-riding by the light of the full-orbed moon as she rolled up the eastern sky, and after we parted I wrote her a letter, to which she replied in part as follows:

" "You have passed upon me the highest compliment that a gentleman can pass upon a lady, viz.: to offer me your love. I want you to feel that I respect you highly as a gentleman, but for good reasons I can give no encouragement to your feelings. Hoping, however, that you may find elsewhere the consolation which you have asked me to give, I shall ever be your friend. — —."

"What a noble girl! I believe she was engaged, and thought what might have been had she met you first. Do you not love her still?"

"She did not let me go far enough to fall desperately in love. I simply knew that I could, and I asked her to fan the little flame

that our acquaintance had kindled. She is married, and if she were not I could forget her with you."

"Thank you, Mr. Bodenhamer," she said, looking kindly upon him; "but are you not jesting? Does a gentleman of your brilliant circle of lady friends see an obscure girl, in a far off nook of the mountains, in the beautiful light that your high compliments indicate?"

In reply he quoted from Ben Jonson:

‘Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace.
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all th’ glosseries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.”

"By shaddies," said Golihue, who had approached unnoticed, "by the time we git our carcasses down frum hur, hit'll be night."

"But have we forgotten Mumpower and Lotus? In the brief half hour that had elapsed they had gone back and played again through all the happy days of childhood, when urchin glory was to chase the lace-winged butterflies and to hunt the nests of tintured birds in the ethereal mildness of spring; and when a mouth discolored with

the vermilion juices of delicious berries is more becoming than all the mustaches and cheek-tapestry of riper years. Never had they thought of being separated and traveling through their teens by different paths, which would come together again at that mossy log, where the trombone of the hidden brook would mingle its song with their voices.

Poor Lotus had concealed her dejected spirits, from ten o'clock till five, with a self-possessing screen of mirth, but now her heart-aches had subsided.

This balm of life, sweet pleasure gives,
As one hope dies another lives.

CHAPTER XI.

DUMPSEY BOWMAN ENTERTAINS.

“ Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop’s ear.”

Shakespeare.

‘ THE night beetle wheeled his droning flight ’ about Golihue’s cabin-door, the butterfly had folded its gewgawed wings in Dumpsey’s poppies, the brown-thrush had caroled his good-night quaver, and the earth was a great, drowsy sluggard, nodding himself into slumber.

Skipper’s camp-fire was as red as Nebuchadnezzar’s furnace, and the logs for the morning fire lay in a semi-circle about it, and served for seats.

Clippersteel and Lydia had not only caught the fish, but prepared them for cooking. They had cut the ham in large steaks, at right-angles to the bone, and he had gotten four long broiling-sticks, pronged at the ends like wooden pitchforks and half as large. The prongs were sharpened, and each steak stuck on by two punctures, which spread its surface to the heat.

Bodenhamer brandished his frying-pan three times in air as the signal for joyous

cooking. Then he covered the bottom with speckled beauties, and set it on some coals which he raked out from the fire with a long pole. Each of the other men took one of the broiling-sticks and presented the venison on its points to the seething fire. When the pan began to crackle, and the steaks to broil, a person a mile off, with good olfactory organs and the breeze in his favor, would have called to mind a Jewish priest burning sweet incense on the altar of burnt-offerings.

The ladies, having become acquainted with the big foot-log, were now bringing over the milk, the coffee, the hobbies, the hot " 'taters to eat along with butter," and some new tin cups that Dumpsey had bought with sang.

When supper was ready Golihue and his little family were lined up on the border of the tiny yard to watch the spectral fire and the hideous images of men, women and trees that it environed on the void night. In the scintillating light they saw elbows bending and mouths flying open and shut like those of palsied ghosts. When one of the ladies rose to pour coffee a shadow some distance away also poured coffee in a cup which the shadow-hand of another held under the spout. The fire caved in, and a shower of sparks went up and died in the lowering

darkness. As Skipper rose to put up a chunk that had rolled down, he looked like the ghost of Goliath, and his shadow went out and wrestled with a spired hemlock that stood on the verge of the fire-yard. If the little family had just returned from a trip, without previous knowledge of the campers, they might have taken them for a coterie of hobgoblins having a ghost-dance by a giant Jack-o'-the-lantern.

Supper being over and the dishes washed, the young people talked promiscuously, and raised conversation with the minister and Skipper, that neither age nor habitude should be suffered to make one feel the sting of disregard.

Not one of the party engaged in any dissipating pastime after meals. So far as they were individually concerned, neither plug-tobacco nor devil's-dust had ever scandalized the lips of man. They seemed to have felt the cleanly fires of that all-pervading truth that has burned down to us from the first deep eternity, that an intelligent being, in the image and likeness of God, and capable of making his affections known by a kiss, should at all times keep breath sweet enough and lips cleanly enough for that soul-melting juxtaposition. In the sight of the Great Omniscient they were worthy to look up into the blue bell of the heavens, gonged with

the moon and fretted with stars, and behold its beauty, for they had never degenerated the green earth over which it hung nor themselves as its children.

The six young people, having with them the borrowed vessels, now found their way along the huge foot-log by the soft, dim starlight, and appeared before Golihue's open door. The chimney-place being at the north end of the cabin, and the door in the east side, the firelight gleamed obliquely through that portal and glanced across a corner of the yard.

"Come in," said Dumpsey, "an' take churs."

The guests fronted the fire and occupied all of the chairs, while the two daughters, Jane and Debora, and the two sons, Samps and Ebenezer, sat on a long stool under the incline of the log stairway, and fronting them in the opposite corner sat Golihue and Dumpsey on a large back-log that had been brought in for future use. The young men insisted on exchanging seats with the host and hostess, but they politely refused. In the rear end of the cabin were three beds, one in each corner, with the head against the end wall, and one between them turned in the opposite direction. At the side of the middle bed and between the feet of the other two, was a large unoccupied space.

The shifting dance of the fire-glow shadowed the strangers on the back wall in supple-jack effigies, as the following dialogue ensued:

“ Skipper John Potter,” said Golihue, “ is the ugliest man I ever seed, an’ hain’t got a skrimticle uv sense.”

“ You’re not so purty nur so smart yerself,” interrupted Dumpsey, “ that you need to be talkin’ about other folks.”

“ Indeed,” said Clippersteel, “ he is ignorant and uncomely, but no one is responsible for the weaknesses or ill shapes with which he was born, and his non-existence would have been a felt vacancy in the world.”

In the course of further conversation Golihue said:

“ I’ll tell ye a little anecdote on a preacher; they ain’t no harm in hit. Onc’d a preacher wuz goin’ through a country sorter like this, whur nobody hardly lived, an’ what few they wuz didn’t know nuthin’; an’ whur he stopped fur dinner he axed the ol’ woman ef they wuz any ministers in that country, an’ she said: ‘ You can gist go roun’ to the gable-eend uv the house an’ see fur yerself. John’s got the hides of ever’ kind uv animal in this country tacked up roun’ there.’ ”

“ Oh, yes,” exclaimed Dumpsey, “ that’s

all'ys the way; I'll be bound ever'thing has to be packed on a pour ol' dumern."

The gentlemen withdrew to the tents, and Golihue and his sons scuttled up the log stairway into the loft, where Samps and Ebenezer went to bed; but their father sat by a burning taper cleaning up his rifle and putting wood-chuck's oil on the fire-lock and double triggers.

The three ladies, preferring to chum together, were now snugly pillowed in the middle bed, and Dumpsey had done what she called wrapping up fire; that is, she had covered with embers a chunk to kindle from in the morning, but through a hollow in the end of it, as it stuck out of the ashes, there stole a little flickering blaze, and the ladies were looking up from their soft heading admiring the beautiful play of light which it cast upon the walls and overhead.

The loft, which was not nailed down, was laid of split boards, about six feet long, and the ends met on some of the joists in such a manner that a slight displacement would have rendered them critical.

Golihue, now having his gun fixed, pulled off his coat and hung it on the old-fashioned, high bedpost; but just as he threw one gal-lows from his shoulder there was a slip, and down went Golihue, with a terrible flindera-tion of boards, into the floor.

As he lay motionless, Dumpsey sprang from the bed, crying, "Lawzy, massy, gals! git the camp-fire, quick! Yer pap's fell out uv the loft an' killed hisself!" Dumpsey raised his head from the floor, and Jane rubbed camphor on his face, crying, "Poor pap'ul never dig no more sang!"

"No," lamented Debora, "nor ketch no more big, fat 'coons!"

"Lord, gals!" cried Dumpsey, "he did set back an' play 'Ol' Granny Rattle-Trap' on the fiddle so purty!"

But Golihue caught his wind three times and rose on his haunches, having been only jogged breathless by the fall.

The smouldering chunk was stirred from its cosy slumbers, some fresh fuel added, and the three ladies being on their feet to aid in the emergency, all gathered once more around the fireplace, and expressed their thankfulness that the accident was no worse.

"Jist listen at them boys in the loft!" said Dumpsey, "atter all this chatterment down hur; they're still a-snorin' like as if thur noses 'u'd bu'st."

"That's nuthin'!" exclaimed Golihue; "not long 'go, on Cove Creek, a powerful rainstorm cum about midnight, an' blowed a big poplar tree on a man's house, an' broke it all to smash, an' the fam'ly didn't wake up tell sun-up next mornin', when they wuz

all jist as wet as water could make 'um, an' a big log a-layin' in the bed between two uv the gals."

"That's another'un uv yore big, windy tales," said Dumpsey; "a man that's jist cum as nigh gittin' killed as you have ort to be a-thinkin' about the eend uv time."

"Uv course hit cum by hur-say," replied Golihue; "but one uv thur neighbors tol' hit, an' I reco'in he ort to know."

"Neighbor, or what not," retorted Dumpsey, "I guess I've got sense enough to know—an' you have, too—that no family wuz ever that sleepy-headed."

Dumpsey set the long stool out in the floor, and stood upon it directly under the hole that Golihue had left behind him in his fall. Jane picked up the fallen boards, and her mother taking them one at a time poked them up endwise through the opening, and then, swinging them to a horizontal above the joists, brought them softly down in place, till the aperture was closed. As she finished, Lydia asked if it were possible for anything to fall on the middle bed. Dumpsey showed her that the loft was safe in that quarter, and, stepping back a little and pointing straight up, said: "Right hur's whur Ebenezer fell through the time he lay at the p'int uv death so long."

The chunk of wood was again covered,

but no blaze stole out as before, and our friends passed to sweet sleep in a cube of baled darkness, fettered with log bands.

“ Sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care,
The death of each day’s life, sore labor’s bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature’s second course,
Chief nourisher in life’s feast.” *Macbeth.*

The tents were silent, and the benighted stream sang a murmuring lullaby to the fishes that slept on its sparkling sands. Night’s dark ethereal ocean—wide as the world and deep as its shadow—now waved over its millions that were dead in lassitude and dreams. In the morning it would roll its ebony billows westward before the sun’s advancing shalves, and from its tree-corralled and dew-pearled bottom the slumberer would rise, as from the dead, to greet the gleaming Orient with a smile.

CHAPTER XII.

PLATO AND SOPHONISBA.

“As I approve of a Youth, that has something of the Old Man in him, so I am no less pleased with an Old Man, that has something of the Youth.”—*Cicero*.

WHILE Mabel and Lotus were learning how Golihue and Dumpsey lived, their parents were alone in their home, ten miles below.

Just as they would have sat down to supper, a Mr. Rambo, who lived a mile farther down, called to know if “Preacher” Skiles was there.

“No,” was the reply; “but he will be here to-morrow. Have you business with him in which I can aid you?”

“I don’t know. A feller callin’ hisself Leathershine, ur shin, ur sichlike, come to my house this evenin’, with his hoss in a lather uv sweat, an’ he looked so sneakin’ an’ tol’ so many different tales that I thought he’d stole the hoss an’ ort to be took up.”

“What report of himself did he give?” asked the Colonel.

“He said he’d been to the mountain with Preacher Skiles an’ some more folks, an’ rid

on ahead to let you know they'd be hur fur supper, an' bein' a stranger, passed your house an' come to mine. But the fust I seed uv 'um, he'd done been gone beyant my house an' wuz cumin' back."

"He is Brother Skiles' student at Valle Crucis Abbé, and, misconducting himself in the party, left it. As the horse belongs to the Abbey, you will feed him well and not let him go from your possession till you hear from Brother Skiles, and you shall be well paid."

When supper was over, with its concomitant work, Mrs. Palmer sat down with a half-finished mit of the pair she was knitting for the Colonel. A large gray, bristly-looking thread connected it with the cosy-looking ball in her lap. This she wrapped once around the small finger of her left hand, passed it under the second and third, and over the point of the first to its connection with the needles. As she threw the thread over and drew the stitches through, in the glowing firelight, the Colonel dropped his arm in between her and the back of the rocker, saying:

" ' Sabrina fair, see where thou 'rt sitting,
Under the cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies, knitting.' "

“ I suppose,” said Mrs. Palmer, with a glance and a smile, “ I suppose you would call that domestic classics. Next time you go to your fountain of rejuvenating elixir take me, please, that I may drink also and be young as you.”

“ Indeed, Sophonisba, we have always drunk together, and thus it shall continue. To-night we are living our second lives; we are young and happy; we have never been married; we are gay, and our hearts are buoyant with love.”

“ Plato,” said Sophonisba, “ have you gone mad? We are not dead and our souls in Elysium.”

“ Just the reverse, Sophonisba; we are twice alive. I live both here to-night, and at another place, and so do you. He that lives while his children live lives twice, and he that leaves children behind him is not dead, but lives in them. Your daughters are your blood and likeness, living in other individuals, and our son, now from home, is myself gone from me.”

‘And when with envy time transported,
Shall think to rob us of our joys,
You’ll in your girls again be counted,
And I’ll go wooing in my boys.’

“ Ah, Plato, you make me recognize that

I, in my second physical life, am being courted to-night by the bright waters ten miles away. I hear sweet voices whispering love to me now. How do you like my beaux?"

"Shakespeare tells us, Sophonisba, that 'There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face;' and again he says:

'If the ill spirit have so fair a house,
Good things will strive to dwell within't.'

And it seems to me he was lauding these very young men."

"The clouds of ill countenance, Plato, hang not upon their fair brows, and their eyes are like fresh flowers before their wilting; but you have more confidence in such men than had your favorite author. How does the following strike your acoustic swirls?—

'Sign no more, ladies, sigh no more:

Men were deceivers ever;

One foot on sea, and one on shore:

To one thing constant never?"

He answered in that jovial tone of confidential pleasantry that characterizes the recluse hours of a good man and wife.

"Our prospective sons-in-law," said he,

“are the exceptions which strengthen the positive rule.”

“Would you, Plato, be willing for our daughters to marry?”

“Indeed, Sophonisba, we will not be premature in our hopes; but if they have fair opportunities, we will not display our frenzied willingness by a disordered objection. We will not drive a dear daughter’s suitor away, in disdain of ourselves, never to return. If he revolt at us, he will revolt also at the blood which we have transmitted to our daughter’s veins. Let the dear girls marry; let us turn not the clear, productive river of nature into the desert valley to be absorbed in the consuming sands. To give my consent would be the sweetest gift that I have had to give since I gave my heart to thee!”

Sophonisba sighed, dropped her knitting into her lap, wiped a tear from her eye, and, falling on the Colonel’s shoulder, said

“Plato, are they so near to us as that? Are they really our once young selves?”

The author answers for Plato that they were. Every individual is all of his father, all of his mother and himself—three in one—the perfect similitude of the Triune God: Father, Son and Holy Ghost—fire, flame, light; parent, child and latent Christ; Creator, created and the soul-fire-spark, which

may be kindled by the triumphant bloom of self-conquering victories, and the rising tide of graded evolution, till its love-tipped lances, burnished by friction against all things, may touch every ray of hope, every beam of beauty, every chord of sympathy, every shade of color, and every symphonious vibration of which the soul is capable.

CHAPTER XIII.

SKIPPER—A MOUNTAIN PRODIGY.

The meek-eyed Maid of Morning,
Rose behind a mountain crest;
And she cast the mountain's shadow,
O'er the valley toward the west.

BEAUTIFUL dawn, before whose advancing mirror night ever walks backward, now showed her fair brow above the crest of the great evergreen mountain. Skipper lag-gard from his bed of ingathered moss and snapped his eyelids as if their hinges had been rusty. He threw the chunks of his consumed fire together, and their smoke rose in a column parallel with the standing trees.

The ladies issued from the cabin, while Dumpsey's flowers were overcharged with fragrant dews, crossed the dimpling stream, carrying buckets and baskets, and breakfasted with love-darting glances, 'mid tresses of laurel and pine.

While Clippersteel rolled up the tents, as a morsel for Skipper's shoulder, the ladies went back to settle with Dumpsey and bid her adieu. As the last one clasped her hand she said, by way of apologies:

“ I’m mighty sorry my ol’ man fell along down out uv the loft, among ye all, las’ night an’ like to killed hisself.”

By this time a boy had arrived from Colonel Palmer’s with two horses for the party, and a note for Mr. Skiles, and they all journeyed toward their destination, Skipper and the boy on foot.

Close beside them, and often crossing their way, was the rippling river singing its song of joy to the youthful Linville valley, or whimpering its complaint at the angler for robbing it of its living treasure.

As the sun approached the zenith, and the green leaves rustled to bracing zephyrs, the dim road was leading the party through a forest of large trees with but little undergrowth. Here was a lone rhododendron blooming at the foot of a tall oak, yonder a cluster of azalea that fired the forest with its flaming flora.

Suddenly they came to a fence, and going straight forward, while the road turned to the left, they passed through a gate into a broad, beautiful meadow, which was divided into two nearly equal parts by the pathway that led through it before them. To the left of this little meadow passage the mead rolled its green sward gently down to the Linville River, beyond which was a hill of laurel and

pine that led up by steeps and land-saddles that wove themselves into a more distant prospect of elegant ridges.

On the opposite side of the grassy track was a cosey carpet of horizontal turf that led back to a hill of equal green, which, being part of the same enclosure, swept down and blended into the level that terminated its descent.

Directly before them, and about the center of the large enclosure, arose, as if by magic, an elegant white mansion. Of its two fronts one overlooked the rolling sward that divided it from the river on the south, while the other caught in the modillions of its Corinthian entablature the first kisses of the rising sun.

Surrounding it was a commodious yard, enclosed by a picket fence of such low structure that it gave almost a complete view of the pinks, roses and other perennial blossoms that adorned the within.

Two graveled walks, one leading from each front through the beautiful flowers, terminated at as many gates, of which the one on the east stood ajar to receive those who were about to enter its portal.

This was the residence of Colonel Palmer, who had swapped the song of the mocking-bird in South Carolina for the nesting-place

of the snow-bird in the beautiful Land of the Sky.*

From a window within the lord of the mansion saw the concourse coming, and went out to meet them. They were conducted to seats in the south portico, which commanded a view of many objects, the least comely of them all being the obscure road, as they looked across it, at a long, deep pool which lay between two visible shoals.

Skipper, being helped to a chair, leaned his stupendous form against one of the supporting columns that stood nearest the steps. His great wide mouth swung open like a fly-trap made of two clap-boards, and his knees extended quite up to the sides of his flat head, while resting on a round of the chair below were two massive feet, whose hard bottoms, seared by long and severe exposure, bade everlasting defiance to the chestnut-burr and the thorn.

Although Colonel Palmer had met him formally the evening before, and heard him expound the philosophy of the cat-hole, yet

* During the Civil War, this mansion was burned by Colonel Kirk's men when on their raid to Camp Vance. The property is now owned and occupied by Geo. R. Watkins, formerly of the U. S. Navy, who has built an elegant dwelling near the spot where the first one stood.

he scrutinized him with a curious eye, and wondered what manner of man had been brought to his house; but when his light-hearted wife tripped through the hall and burst into his presence, she drew back like an unarmed man meeting a grizzly on the great solitudes of the west. Her eyes twinkled beneath a scowl as she scanned him. She then advanced to greet her minister and meet Miss Meaks, while Skipper looked upon the formality with surprise, and evidently believed it to be some angelic performance, the sanctity of whose mysteries none but those in close relation to Deity could understand.

By this time Clippersteel had perceived that a rusty pair of number sixteen feet would be unwelcome visitors between the lily-white sheets of Mrs. Palmer's sleeping apartments; and as soon as he could politely excuse himself he prepared his valet a resting-place by spreading one of the tents below the house by the laughing river.

Dinner passed joyfully, Skipper being served at the tent. The evening was the calm after the storm, and couples sat about the piazza as pairs of tinted shells that had been cast upon the shore.

Mr. Skiles visited Leathershine, and arranged for him to stay where he was till they should start back to Valle Crucis.

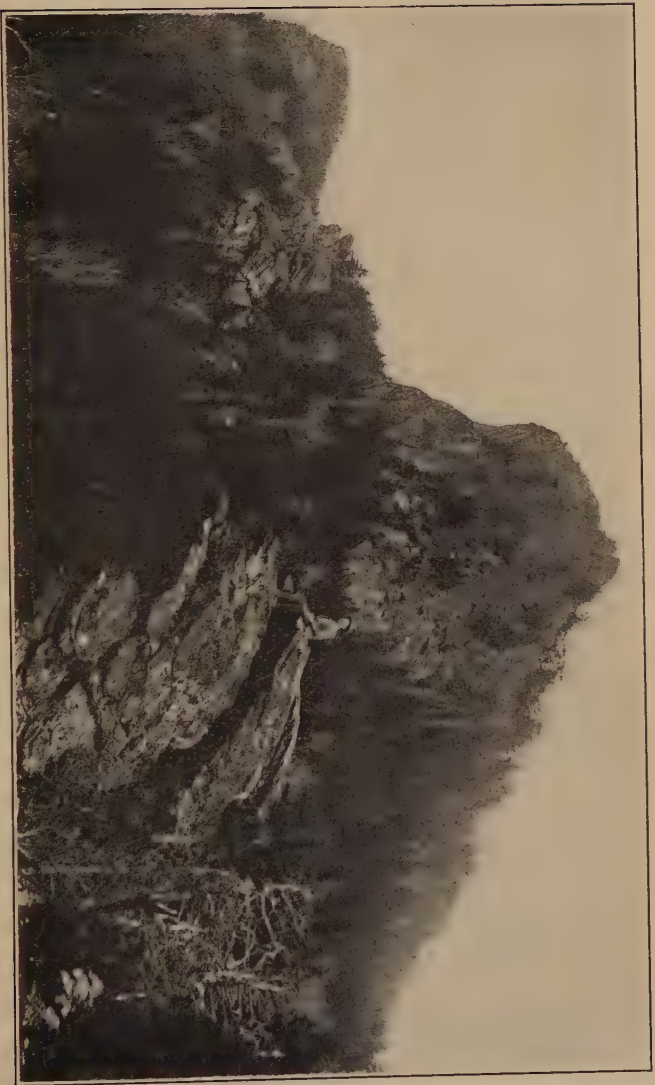


Photo by J. W. McCrackin.
WEST PEAK OF GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN, NEAREST MACRAE'S.

At five o'clock the young ladies withdrew, and Plato and Sophonisba appeared, whereupon Mumpower said:

"Colonel, if you will move your farm with its climate and the river running by to the suburbs of Yorkville, you will have the finest place in the South."

"I would have done that before now," replied he, "but to get the river we would have to take the mountain wherein it heads, and I hated to cover up so much level land belonging to my old neighbors."

"If you do take a notion to move it," said Bodenhamer, "I wish to buy the hole that it comes out of, because it would soon fill up with water and become the finest trout lake in the world."

"I object," retorted Clippersteel, "because I am unwilling for a self-relying soul like Colonel Palmer to be misrepresented. Some would say that his disengagement with the city, in the years that have flown, was an overwrought retirement, and that he had moved the mountain as a compromise between town and country. Others would declare that he wanted to plume himself as a hero, and to that end had moved the mountain that the people might point their fingers and say: 'Look yonder what Colonel Palmer has done!'"

"Thank you," Mr. Clippersteel, said

Sophonisba, "I have become attached to these hills where they are, and I shall let good enough alone, for fear that by some bad management the river would escape through a hole."

"When my friends criticize me," said the Colonel, "for moving to this tranquilizing retreat, I answer them with the following beautiful story of Cincinnatus:

"When that model of Roman genius and integrity had received a letter from the senate, asking him for the sake of the republic to return to the dictatorship, which he had resigned, he replied as follows:

"If you could see the nice cabbage that I have planted to-day, you would never say republic to me again.' In like manner I say to my friends: 'If you could drink from the cool, pellucid water of my spring; feast on the rich milk from the herds that graze my fields, and see the red roses that have taken the place of blanched lilies on the cheeks of my family, you would never say city to me again.'"

The Colonel was right. Emerson says: "We are parlor soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is won, we shun. . . . Isolation must precede true society."

Woods make the mind not insolvent, but rich. The silent woods is a soliloquy putting one in communion with his own soul.

In the woods and growing crops the mind touches many objects, which become at once the cumulative foundations for a whole life of cultivation.

“A great man is always willing to be little.” . . . “His life is a progress, not a station.” . . . “Blame is safer than praise.” Alexander the Great said: “I consider it a high compliment to be ill spoken of while I am doing well.”

He that travels from the woods and fields, having heard of cities and great men, is surprised to find nothing of value in them that he did not already carry in himself, and he is encouraged to strengthen his own fortress because he has found it stronger already than he had supposed.

“Wisdom is near the man of the forest. He is at the root of originality, not a borrower of it. Standing in the forest, you stand on your feet; in society, on your head. Give me beautiful country life in America, with a stroll into the flowery woods, where all nature sheds its beauty upon the soul.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLIPPERSTEEL AND LYDIA ARE ENGAGED.

“Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills, and fields,
Or woods and steepy mountains, yield.”

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

THE spring of which the Colonel spoke was reached by a path which leads from the south front diagonally across the yard to the right, where the smoothness of the landscape was broken by some rocks that jutted from the slope, and seemed to wall the subterranean channel through which the little stream came from some higher source. Here was the dairy, which was made of hewn logs neatly joined together and painted white. Its form was that of an oblong square. The plates crowning the side walls and the roof supported by them passed over and beyond the end wall next the hill, forming an extended gable that sheltered both the spring and the entrance to the little edifice.

Large slabs of stone walled in the crystal fountain, and extended their collateral joinings on the side toward the approach, forming a seat for two persons.

After a delicious supper of savory dishes, its elegant serving by the accomplished landlady, the sending of a portion of the same to Skipper, who lived in the tent, and the interesting and varied conversation participated in during the consumption of the repast, Clippersteel and his beloved went down to the spring and occupied the seat above referred to.

The tiny streamlet, trickling from its source through the apartments of the dairy, chirped like young birds claiming their mother's protection at night, as Clippersteel said to his intended: "Look toward those willows by the rippling stream; see how the glow-worms and fire-flies streak and spangle the twilight."

"I was just asking myself," she replied, "whether or not our lives would end so beautifully as the closing of this day."

"Only those who live after us can tell the solution of that problem. Useful lives and beautiful days often have endings quite different from the zenith of their glory; and the changes that take place in the skies of a single day may elegantly illustrate the human career. For instance, I have seen the sun burn his way through twelve hours of ethereal blue, and then set in a cloud that soon obscured the sky with darkness and gloom, and the red lightning, darting its

fiery shuttle through the loom of thunder, wove a curtain that mantled the earth in terror and death. Then I have seen days that were dark and dreary, when the bellowing thunder drove the wild beast to his shelter in the rocks, and the pelting rain thrown by the angry hand of the storm demolished the crops of the land and left the sinewy hands of toil empty with hunger and pain. Then the clouds drifted away, and Sol impressed his good-night kisses upon the mountain-tops in token that he would rise from a saffron bed on the morrow. Again, there has been many a succession of beautiful days accompanied by as many glorious eves, when Venus and the moon, contesting for the prize of beauty, hung their golden scale in the west to weigh the admiration that each received from the world, and the chestnut sunshine that painted the blooming fields was broken only by gentle showers, that struck not the earth with madness, but gave it a warm kiss, from whose loving impress there sprang up a beautiful robe of green."

"What a profusion of beautiful words you utter, Mr. Clippersteel. You have painted three pictures of life from the cradle to the grave. May your lot and mine be neither the first nor the second, but let each be as the continuation of beautiful days, a season of perpetual sunshine to the heart, when the

mind neither turns to the past nor reaches to the future, but is wholly content with the pleasures of the present."

"You have a tenderness about you, my dear Lydia, and a nobleness of heart which I never heard expressed before. Your sweet words, dropping like vocal roses from the gardens of language, heighten, if possible, the joy of the thought that you are soon to be mine. Your silvery accents, to which the trickling streamlet beside us plays a sweet accompaniment, tell me to rob life no longer of the bliss for which I sigh; and now, as you have no parents' consent to obtain, no sisters to invite, but only a lone brother far in the west, I propose that our nuptials be performed at the great falls, to-morrow."

Lydia, remaining silent for a time, heaved a sigh, and then said: "Prudence would condemn my acceptance, for I am in the far-off mountains, without a wedding garment, or even a few friends to greet me."

"The foaming falls will lend you from their white spray a queenly robe, the benign woods will deck it with flowers more gorgeous than the artist can paint, and the harmonious melody produced by the combined musical agents of flood and forest will greet you."

CHAPTER XV.

THE WEDDING.

“ Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; and happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is, that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed.”

Shakespeare.

It was only eight miles north to a place that was and is called the “ Old Field of Toe,” a muster-ground in use before the Civil War, where lived a magistrate who was deputed to issue marriage licenses.

When Clippersteel had conducted his lady in out of the night air from the seat by the spring, he consulted the landlord for a few moments, after which he wrote a note to the justice, enclosing a license-fee, and then passed out and down toward the tent.

As he tripped over the lawn with the pert and nimble spirit of Hymen playing in his bosom, he sang the following lines:

Lovely Emma, sweet Emma,
Would you think it unkind,

If I were to sit by you
And tell you my mind?
My mind is to marry,
And never to part;
The first time I saw you
You wounded my heart.

CHORUS.

Oh, her breath smells as sweet
As the dew on the vine;
God bless you, lovely Emma,
I wish you were mine.

He was now near the little white pavilion, where Skipper's deep slumbers were betokened by the loud, nocturnal winding of his nasal horn. His peculiar errand, and the feeling engendered by it, had intensified that inherited superstition which dwells even in the bosom of the wise. Forms of fear gathered in the quiet willows by the stream, and the nasal voice of Skipper sounded like groans from some cavern of the earth in which the bones of dead men were smouldering.

“On the lawny sands and shelves
Trip the *pert* fairies and the dapper elves.”

With his heart slightly unnerved and dancing to the music of Hymen's lute, Clip-

persteel bounded into the tent and stirred the snoring man from his lethargy.

“Have you ever been to the ‘Old Fields of Toe?’ ” inquired he.

“Yes, sar,” answered Skipper, pressing the knuckles of his front fingers against his eyes; “I went thar to the big balluginary ” (battalion) “muster.”

It was now agreed between Clippersteel and Skipper that, if the latter should have the license in the tent by daylight on the morrow, he was to receive, as a partial compensation, enough money to buy him a new fur hat, which in those days meant a high stiff hat, plushed with fur on the outside, and having a crown flat on top.

This was the style of masculine headgear that a gentleman had on when a jester accosted him with the following interrogation:

“Hallow, stranger; are your cows all dead?”

“No, sir,” replied the man; “and why do you ask that question?”

“Why, sir,” replied the merry-Andrew, “I see that you have your wife’s churn on your head.”

In case of a successful trip on the part of Skipper, he was to receive, also, sufficient money to purchase himself a pair of boots, of which the fronts were to be red, from the tops down nearly to the ankles.

The great Raven of night, his wings spread from pole to pole, now swept on in pursuit of the sun. Arcturus and Orion gleamed down through the great ocean of darkness, to find enamored hearts and bathe them in heaven's harmony. For a lady and gentleman to be truly conjugal at heart, they must be also kindred by natural law. They must love the same lovable objects with the same kind perception; see great Nature pouring her Tyrean dyes upon the autumnal leaves from the same golden pitcher, and hear the shrill trump of the wind, the trilling fife of song-birds and the resounding drum-beats of the ever thunderous falls with the same sad or joyful impressions. Then the delectable feelings of each one's heart radiate from him and permeate the heart of the other, doubling its riches. When such fall in love, myriads of beautiful thoughts crowd themselves one upon another like clustering flowers in springtime, and through their unlagging conversation a rhythmic sweetness flows in linguistic profusion. Such were Mumpower and Lotus—such their kindred feelings as he asked her to take his arm and they began walking the piazza from end to end on the beautiful border line between friendship and love.

Bodenhamer, now in the parlor with Mabel, had begun to form fine fancies as to

how she would appear as a wife, and, as suggested by Emerson in "Friendship," "he felt that if he were sure that his soul would rejoin hers somewhere in the universe, and embrace it in love, he could live content and cheerful alone for a thousand years."

When Clippersteel returned from the tent, he and Lydia went to the parlor, and sat as far from Mabel and Bodenhamer as they could get, regretting still that the room was not larger or voice-drowning music within. Each couple had reached a new bead on the string, whose tessellated kaleidoscope cast a dove's-neck lustre upon their billing and cooing.

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie."

At the hour for retiring Mumpower and Lotus joined their fellow-lovers at the foot of the stairway, where all were exchanging good-night courtesies, spiced with the lively knowledge of approaching nuptials.

"I know you will dream of the angels to-night," said Bodenhamer to the betrothed.

Clipper. "Dreams are the children of an idle brain.'"

Boden. "Your quotation is Shakespeare's mistake. Dreams are exaggerations of the thoughts, feelings and observa-

tions of those who have been most active previous to sleep. Lazy persons have nothing to dream of."

Mabel. "I have dreamed things I never thought of."

Boden. "They were analagous to your thoughts, but you failed to see the analogies because you were not looking for them; and, indeed, sometimes the parallelism if finely-drawn is difficult to discover."

Mum. "Give us an example from your own dreamings."

Mabel. "Yes, Mr. Bodenhamer, give us one."

Boden. "So say you all?"

Voices. "Yes," "Yes," "So says every one of us."

Boden. "Mr. Mumpower, tell us why Andrew Jackson was called 'Old Hickory,' and then I will proceed."

Mum. "Because that wood was a fit simile of his toughness and fortitude."

Boden. "Well, one day myself and a friend were talking of the toughness and powers of endurance possessed by a neighbor of ours, and the night following I dreamed of seeing 'Old Hickory' in all his glory, notwithstanding I had not thought of him during our conversation, nor on any other occasion for many days."

Voices. “ Good!” “ Fine!” “ Splendid!” “ Give us another!”

Boden. “ I once purchased an oblong field, that followed the top of a ridge as a narrow blanket would rest on a horse’s back from his hips to his shoulders. The sides of my field and the end at the shoulders were bounded by woodlands which I desired to purchase, that I might have outlet to firewood and springs. I exchanged letters with the owner without satisfaction, and I was feeling that my first purchase could not be profitable without the second. At last I got a letter accepting my offer and inviting me to town to close the deal.

“ I went to bed highly pleased, and dreamed of walking between two pretty girls, both of whom loved me, and neither was envious of the other. We stopped. I faced them on the flowery mead, put forth my hands, leaned their rosy cheeks together, and where they touched I kissed them both at one fine osculation.”

Voices. “ Oh, Mr. Bodenhamer, you had secured the land on both sides.” “ Yes, and sealed it with a twin-kiss!” “ The kiss was the deed.” “ A good deed it was. I would like such a one myself.”

Boden. “ But let me give you the sequel. If you retire well pleased, you will dream of what you love best. If I had enjoyed

fine horses more than ladies, I would have dreamed of owning gallant steeds that pranced up and down Broadway. If your mind is under duress of fear, you may dream of being approached by demon-like men, with open knives, giving you no chance of escape."

Voices. "But give us another example."
 "Yes, it is only half-past nine; give us another."

Boden. "If you will pardon my own experiences, I will show you how one may disclose his secret by telling his dream."

Voices. "Go on." "Yes, we will excuse you."

Boden. "I spent a fortnight where there was a pretty girl whom I often engaged in conversation. At the end of a week a young man arrived who had been or wanted to be her right-bower. I soon discovered that he was envious of me; but, as she showed no partiality toward him, I staid in the parlor, where she entertained us both till we retired. At breakfast he told his dream. He had dreamed that he was a soldier in an army that was attacking another army which was fortified on top of a mountain, and as they charged up the slopes he was in panic fear of the myriads of bullets that whistled by him on every hand."

Voices. "Oh, Mr. Bodenhamer, did he

take the mountain, or did you hold it?" "Of course Mr. Bodenhamer never gave it up." "No, he says he had been fortifying it for a week before the enemy came." "I will wager that that poor fellow retreated bareheaded, his shoe-heels knocked off, and his left side shot through with a poison bullet." "I wonder what that Mr. Leather-shine dreamed last night?"

"He dreamed that Beelzebub, mounted on the chief goblin of perdition's livery, was pursuing him with a pitch-fork in one hand and a fire-brand in the other!" "Ha! ha!" "Ho! ho!" "Hee! hee!" "Good-night, ladies!" "Good-night, gentlemen!"

Skipper was now plodding his way through the valleys and over the heights, and, as the pupils of his eyes expanded like those of the owl to let in more rays of light, that he might the better grope his way, he meditated upon the future as follows: "I'll stick a feather from the red rooster's tail in my fur hat, and put my red-topped boots on the outside of my pants, and go to see Peggy Sizemore, and Betz Kite, who kicked me and called me an old balsam climber, will wish that she had me for a beau."

As these happy thoughts of sudden distinction passed through his mind, he was so transported with joy that he answered the

hoot of the owl with the following hymn, which he sang to roaring metre:

“ The squir’l he has a bushy tail,
The possum’s tail is bare,
A rabbit has no tail at all,
But a little bit-a-bunch of hair.

Next morning, when twilight still spread her dusky pinions over the land, and the crescent moon, hanging just above the eastern horizon, cast a pale glare on the saffron-gild from the sun; Clippersteel reëntered the tent, where his precursor, having returned, was again wrapped in the restoring arms of Morpheus. In his right hand, which rested on his brow, was the marriage document, while around one of his great toes, at the other extremity of his long person, was a bandage of green leaves tied on with a string of hickory bark and bloodied from a wound within. Seeing that all was well, he left the man for an hour to his peaceful slumbers, and then returned with a waiter heavy laden with hot coffee and wholesome food, and as he entered the tent Skipper arose, and, extending his hand, said:

“ I got ’um, goody; her’s yer licengers.”

“ And here,” said Clippersteel, “ is your money,” passing him a handful of silver dollars. Skipper smiled behind his ears,

and his short coat danced up and down to the roaring chuckle that inflated his ribs.

"Did a snake bite your toe?" inquired Clippersteel.

"No, sar," replied Skipper; "I stump' the nail off'en it," and, putting his hand in his pant's pocket, he drew out the great bloody toe armor, and, handing it to Clippersteel said: "Thar it is. I'll give ye that to remember who brought yer licengers."

"Thank you, Skipper," was the reply; "it is a nice souvenir, and I shall ever keep it among my most valued treasures." Skipper thought that he had never before heard a toe-nail called a "Susandear," but, not doubting the authenticity of the word, he adopted it into his vocabulary, and ever afterwards applied the name to toe-nails that had been knocked off by accident.

The blue sky that adorned the wedding-day was decked with a bright sun that had risen a few degrees above the horizon when the party filed through the gate, by Skipper's tent, and turned down the murmuring stream. Riding in front was the lone Mr. Skiles. Next in order was the bride and groom. Then came Colonel and Mrs. Palmer, followed by the two younger couples, while the rear was brought up by a boy riding a long-eared donkey and bearing on his arm a large basket of lunch.

Skipper, who had gone in advance, was so elated by his connection with the affair that he told every yeoman he met by the way what was going to take place at the falls; and these early settlers, whose amusements were few and far between, looking upon the outdoor wedding as a public affair, dropped their ploughs and hoes in the fields, and, putting on their best garments, went toward the scene.

In consequence of the above, Mr. Skiles soon found an equestrian partner in the person of a Mr. Buchanan, who had quit the irksome monotone of his plough for the exhilarating pastime of nuptial festivities.

Before the equestrians reached the falls, Skipper, whom they had passed on the way, had gathered to his side a company of twenty persons or more, made up of both sexes, in about equal numbers. The women wore homespun dresses, which they had made for themselves, by carding, spinning and weaving the fleece of the sheep, and, finally, cutting and fitting the fabric to their persons. Their head-gear consisted of plain calico bonnets, while their waists and bosoms were set about with fillets of red ribbon that flaunted to the gales of the woods.

Each man was armed with his long fire-lock rifle, which, when stood upon its breech, extended to the top of his head. These were

carried as a means of killing the abundant deer and other game that frequently crossed the roads and paths.

In the party was a mustached man, middle-aged and handsome, by the name of Clark, who seemed to have descended from some professional family that had strayed into the far-off mountains and retrograded from their former learning and dignity.

Beside him was his daughter, Miss Ada, a blooming girl of sweet sixteen, whose form was cast in neat proportion's mould. Her queenly hands, tapering and fair as the lily, were gloved with a pair of red mits of her own knitting, which exposed the ends of the fingers and the first joints of the thumbs.

Her golden hair was like a shower of primrose petals falling, and her cheeks were finished with the artistic touches of Aurora's rosy hand. Her eyes were like the corolla leaves of the blue-veined violet, her nose was a posy to her face, and her pearly teeth sparkled with nectarean dew. "She was a flower born to blush unseen and waste in sweetness on the desert air."

In those days it was customary for a gentleman to propose his escort to a lady in the following manner. Walking up to her side, he said: "Do you love chicken?" If she answered "Yes," he then presented his arm with the words, "Have a wing," whereupon

she put her arm through his. But if the answer was "No," he was refused, or, in the parlance of the times, she had "kicked" him. Such scenes usually occurred in large crowds that were going the distance of ten miles or more, to or from church, on the Sabbath day, and the fellow who got "kicked" was always greatly derided by most of those who witnessed the chagrin of his disappointment.

On the present occasion, when all were bound for the falls, a fellow, with the blood-red top-knot of an imperial woodpecker in his hat-band, stepped up to the side of Miss Ada; but just as he would have propounded the poultry question her father gave him a disapproving glance, by which his heart failed him, and he passed on to the side of a chunky girl with a flaxen head and a frisky air, and, looking her in the face with a grin, he said: "Aggie, do you love chicken?"

"I don't love roosters," was the pert reply.

The answer being new and thoroughly original, the fellow was for a time completely dumfounded for something to say, but finally he got his mouth off, and said: "Will you let one walk with you to the wed'en?"

"Yes, if he don't crow too loud," she replied.

“A creature not too bright or good
For human nature’s daily food;
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.”

The heterogeneous gathering was now on the west bank of the river, at the top of the cataract, where the stream passed transversely over a saddle of rock, and dropping off, at the lower skirt, fell the height of a tall tree into a pool of matchless depth and beauty. But since that time the ledge has broken down, so that the water leaps and cascades alternately through a curved and partly concealed grove, and finally terminates in a clear fall of only about thirty feet, as seen in the cut.

The pool, however, which is about fifty yards wide and twice as long, with the corners slightly rounded, has lost none of its original beauty, unless it is in the diminished magnitude of the white breakers that ruffle its dark bosom. The long way of this beautiful lake is at right angles to the fall, and its outlet is through a narrow channel at the east end.

The party, having satiated their æsthetic vision from the top, now started for a landing at the bottom, and there never was a wilder way than theirs. The little track wound, and still winds, through and under

laurel and ivy, around and over cliffs, and then turns down a slope of forty-five degrees, and runs as straight as a gun-barrel for the distance of fifty yards. This visible section of the path, canopied by the lapping boughs of the rhododendron and kalmia, is crossed by many rocks and tree-roots, which, having been divested of soil by clambering feet, look like the rounds of a long ladder leading down to the subterranean falls and glittering stalactites of a cave. At the foot of this shaded escalade is a narrow beach adjoining the rock over which the water pours; from this the way turning down the stream to the right passes up into and down through crevices, where the overhanging rocks bestow a symbol of purification by sprinkling the heads of the passersby with clean water. And, indeed, it seems quite thoughtful in these stones to prepare the traveler at this point for death, because the next fifty yards of his path are the most dangerous that the writer has witnessed in all North Carolina. Here the south side of the pool is bounded by a perpendicular rock that walls an unknown depth of water, and then rises from ten to thirty feet above its surface; and we do not exaggerate in the least when we say that the track is on the very brink of this ledge, and in some places barely wide enough for the feet. The fears

of the tourist are to some extent removed by the laurel hangings above and a fringe of light vegetation on the brow of the rock below, but the latter would not support the weight of a falling babe, and the former might be missed by the clutch of one who had lost his footing. If ever a lady tumbles over this precipice, she will most probably be lost, and a gentleman could save himself only by good swimming.

Our wedding party, now quadrupled by the country people, followed this hazardous track to where it spreads into a bench of rock about as wide as the floor of a bedroom and several times as long. If we imagine this seat occupied by a giant of suitable size, his calves will rest against the perpendicular wall of the pool and his feet will be washed by its breakers. Before him the white torrent pours down into the boiling pot, while immediately on the right of the foaming cataract rises a great ledge of stone, from whose summit a high diver might make a beautiful leap into the pool, a hundred feet below.

This ledge is only the upper end of a long wall that extends down the stream and rears its battlements in front of a low oval knob, in the rear of which is a scattered growth of dead and living pine, with scarcely anything beneath except short bunches of *calmia*.



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

LINVILLE FALLS.

The back of our imaginary giant is supported by the smooth face of a cliff about thirty feet high, which breaks at the top into a succession of ivy-mantled crags that rise almost perpendicularly for several hundred feet, to where they are crowned with a grove of Carolina pine (*picea Caroliniana*). While these crags are exceedingly beautiful in elevation, they are also equally picturesque in their longitudinal extension far down the stream, where the rocks rear their gray crests above their evergreen mantles, and, with their surroundings, blend into a scene as wild and varied as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and repose.

The country gentlemen, having leaned their rifles against the cliff, stood with their women folks, anxiously awaiting the expected event. In due time the bride and groom, attended by Mumpower and Lotus on the right and Mabel and Bodenhamer on the left, were arranged for marriage.

Their backs were in the neighborhood of the guns, and their faces toward the great pouring column, whose white wings and boiling pedestal sent forth a breeze that set all the near flora and other equally movable objects in motion—bush, weed and flower, as well as ribbons, tresses, whiskers and mustaches, and even the leaves of the minister's book were all dancing to the wind of the

falls. As Mr. Skiles composed the fluttering pages beneath his thumbs, he drew so near and spoke so loud, in order to be heard above the roar of the waters, that his manner, elsewhere, would have been suitable only to those who were partially deaf. The charming bride, with dove-like eyes, looked steadily upon the minister; and, as he proceeded with the Episcopal service, there never was a bliss more wild and warm and boundless than that which thrilled her heart. "If any man," said the clergyman, "can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

To the great surprise of all present, a sneering voice, on a different key from the thundering of the falls, was heard to say, "I object." This came from none other than Leathershine, who had resolved to avenge his defeat by vexing the occasion with this obnoxious objection, based, as we shall see, upon an odious falsehood; and, the better to accomplish his design, he had concealed himself in the green of the steeps, so as to appear at a time when the groom could not contravene his purpose nor do him violence.

"What is the ground of your objection?" inquired the minister.

"She is engaged to me," was the reply.

No one can describe the trembling pallor that seized the person of Lydia. With eyes full of overflowing fondness, she looked upon him she loved, as if to say, "I am innocent."

Her chin dropped upon the flowers that adorned her bosom; every nerve and muscle of her frame lost its energy, and she sank at the feet of the groom, not in the fashion of one who falls under the influence of excessive excitement, but like a pure woman borne down by the weight of a calumny perpetrated upon a warm life that no sin had ever tarnished.

The copious pool, so near the fainting bride, was yet so far that not a drop of its pellucid contents could be had with which to bathe her brow.

But the groom quickly produced from his pocket a little bottle of brandy, which he had carried, as a precaution, in case of accidents, and spreading a portion of its contents over her pallid face, the signs of restoration soon became apparent. The country folks had gathered round like the people of a city rushing to the scene of an accident, when those at disadvantage look over the shoulders of those in front to get a view of the within.

CHAPTER XVI.

LEATHERSHINE—A RIVAL.

“Things of the noblest kind his Genius drew,
And look’d through Nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded Soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll;
Call’d into being scenes unknown before,
And passing Nature’s bounds, was something
more.” *Churchill.*

LEATHERSHINE had followed the party along the top of a ridge that ran parallel with the river, to where the path left it and turned down the precipitous slope. Here he had gone straight forward till he passed the falls, and then turning under came around some rocks with a half-circle to his present position. As he bounded back out of sight, Mumpower glanced up the cliff, and, perceiving the circuitous route by which he had to return, seemed to know intuitively that he could be headed off at the point where the path dropped under the brow of the ridge. With an instantaneous decision he bounded to the effort, but as his flying feet retraced the dangerous path the turf on the brow of the rock slipped, and he fell thirty

feet into the great fluxing pool. A splash and a whirl and he was gone! But no one saw it but Lotus; none else had seen him start. She screamed and wrung her hands, but no one heeded; they were engaged in another wing of the emergency, and supposed that her excitement was from the same source. Her heart had run with him in every step; it had fallen with him from the cliff, and now it was buried with him in the deep, drowning waters.

Alas! dear Lotus, who can feel your sudden transition from an overflow of pleasure to a flood of woe! But, oh, deluge of blessed hope! she sees him rise and swim for the narrow beach, and her little heart labors in his every stroke. When he reached the shore she shouted as if she would die in an agony of joy, as he arose to his feet and waved his gallant hand that he still lived for the once little girl whom he had saved from the cornstalk fire.

With branches of water streaming from his clothing and slushing in his shoes, he surmounted the cliffs in the unrelenting course of his way. Reaching the bare rock at the top, he waved his hand again over his bare head, and emerged behind the sylvan screen of the path. As he neared the top of the ridge he drew his wet knife, and cut off a beech limb one inch in diameter, six feet

long, and branched about the middle of its length into three prongs.

He had just got himself placed on the north side of a large oak, with his face askance, that he might look south, when he heard the brush cracking under Leathershine's feet and saw him coming full tilt through the woods. As he arrived opposite the oak Mumpower sprang upon him like a panther leaping upon his prey. As he held him by the wrist with one hand and poured the lash on him with the other, he drew his knife and took the blade between his teeth to open it, but Mumpower slapped him down, kicked the knife out of his hand, and thrashed him as he rolled on the ground. Just then he heard a voice shouting: "Hold him! hold him!" It was Bodenhamer coming at lightning speed on the fugitive's track. As he drew near Leathershine made a great effort to escape, but Mumpower took him by the one hand and Bodenhamer by the other, and they stretched him out, in appearance like a clothes-line with a garment hung on it. Mumpower handed the switch to Bodenhamer, who took it, saying, "It is worth ten dollars a stroke. I will take one hundred dollars' stock," and he gave him ten keen cuts around the legs.

They talked of returning him to the falls, tied with thongs of bark, which they could

have peeled from a hickory sapling, but he begged so pitifully that they had compassion, and Bodenhamer said: "We will let you go; but if you are in this country three hours from now we will tie you to a tree for the benefit of Mr. Clippersteel, who will give you the thirty-nine lashes."

Leathershine hurried to his horse, rode hastily to Valle Crucis, where he packed his trunk and fled. With all Bodenhamer's delay in surmounting the cliff on which the infamous dude had appeared, he would have caught him in the next fourth of a mile.

The two young men who had lately met as perfect strangers were now warm friends by a mutual deed of heroism which neither knew the other was performing till they came together on that fatal spot, which was ever afterward known as the "Whipping-post." As their eyes followed Leathershine's final retreat, Mumpower said: "If conscience were a tangible substance and his were bulked, it would rattle in the hull of a tobacco seed."

"Oh, my friend," exclaimed Bodenhamer, "how came you so wet?"

"Had you not noticed that I was wet and hatless? The shrubbery on that dangerous brink broke loose under my feet, and I fell thirty feet into the pool."

Bodenhamer turned pale at the very

thought of such an escape, and said with pathetic surprise:

“ Oh, heavens! is it possible that you have been through such an ordeal! How did you save your life?”

“ Had there been rocks near the surface, I would have been gone. But I had two friends—the deep water, which checked my speed gradually in its soft depths, and my little friend Lotus, who saw me fall. I felt the touches of her anxiety when I was five fathoms deep, and her love strengthened my efforts to live.”

About four feet space of the path on the edge of the wave-lashed rock was gone, and as the returning avengers of the innocent climbed through the crag higher up Mabel and Lotus ran as far as they could to meet them. Oh, what burdens of mutual affection were restrained from manifestation by social custom! What glad kisses, what joyful embraces were locked behind the jail-doors of prudence, wishing that Hymen had already been there and set them free!

The tumult was ended; the bride had recovered; Mr. Mumpower's hat had been redeemed on a shoal below the pool, and the marriage service was closed with the following prayer:

“ O eternal God, creator and preserver of all mankind, giver of all spiritual grace, the

author of everlasting life, send thy blessing upon these thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in thy name; that, as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant betwixt them made (whereof this ring given and received is a token and pledge), and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together, and live according to thy laws, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Hanging on a limb, at the top of the cataract, was the basket of lunch, and those for whose comfort it had been prepared, now climbing in single file for its rich morsels, were followed by the riflemen, with their ruddy consorts and lasses.

As the mountaineers were departing for their homes, Mr. Clark and his daughter accepted a cordial invitation from Mrs. Palmer to take lunch.

The dinner was taken to a convenient spot, where a number of large rocks laid round in circular form, and spread within their circumference on the cloths in which it had been folded.

Skipper, having now remained with his older friends, looked on from a distance, as if uncertain as to how near the food his welcome extended; but when Clippersteel observed his doubtful attitude, he took him by

the arm and seated him on a boulder, suitable to his size, within the circle. His valuable service to Mr. Clippersteel and the wound upon his great toe having elicited general sympathy, Mrs. Palmer helped him to the first round, as she did the rest, and then bade all wait on themselves.

Under the cloths, in the corner nearest to Skipper, was a flat rock that so pressed its bosom against the white covering as to form a neat little elevation, which was occupied by a large, highly-flavored cake, of a rich, yellowish cast, the same being cut from the centre to every second or third convolution that ornamented its circumference.

When Skipper had quickly gulped down what had been given him, he took a piece of cake, when Mrs. Palmer, looking upon him with a degree of allowance, thought, "Poor, ignorant fellow doesn't know which end of the meal to begin at."

The Adam's-apple on Skipper's neck had not played up and down more than twice, when he seized a second piece of the rich composition, and then a third; and the lady in charge, becoming alarmed lest none should be left for the rest, laid a drum-stick on a biscuit and said:

"Here, Mr. Potter" (calling his surname), "have this nice chicken and biscuit."

“ Oh, no,” said he; “ eat that yerself; this punkin bread’s good enough fur me.”

Those who had previously suppressed their hilarity at Skipper’s mistakes were now unable to conceal their glee, and all burst into such explosions of laughter that great mouthfuls of masticated bread and butter flew against the surrounding rocks like showers of shot from a fowling-piece.

Clippersteel and Lydia took Skipper with them and settled in the city of Raleigh, and the murmurs heard in that family were like the voice of a sunlit tide embracing the tinted shells of the shore in love.

“ She is mine own;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
The water, Nectar and the rocks pure gold.”

The fifteenth day of October following Mumpower and Bodenhamer met by agreement at Colonel Palmer’s. The sixteenth was one of those gloomy, rainy, nut-falling days that remind one of Longfellow’s lines:

“ The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.”

* * * * *

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary."

But the sun set clear, the Katy-dids *chachad* in the grove, and the Man-in-the-Moon, enlarged by the artisan of the universe and hung in the eastern galaxy of the heavens, cast the tree-shadows across the piazzas and flossed the river below with a silver sheen. There was an awful silence, broken only by insect choirs without and whispering love within.

On the clear, bright seventeenth the gentlemen with their loved ones walked out over the sun-painted hills and viewed the minioned splendor of the leaf-tinctured mountains. Here each couple often strayed a little from each other, while picking up their hands full of chestnuts, and then, coming together again, stood side by side, bathing love's young dream in the fulvid glory of the scene.

Every rustling breeze shook from Autumn's burning tresses a shower of glowing stars that glided obliquely down and scalloped the earth with patterns of russet and gold.

At Christmas the two couples were beau-

tifully married, and from then till now there have been three families in the world between whose ever acquainted hearts there has never been a jar, and the favorite song of the fathers and mothers, now old and gray, is:

What verdant memories hover round
The years of long ago,
As pointed leaves of evergreen
Support the falling snow!
The flowers that bloomed within my heart
Are blooming still to-day:
Though years have rolled—the vase is old—
They're blooming just as gay, Love,
They're blooming just as gay.

The little grandson on my knee,
His infant prattle sweet,
He calls me back to mountain brooks,
Where once we chanced to meet.
Oh, daughter, dear, your rosy cheeks
Are as your ma's were then,
And, though we now are old and gray,
In you we live again, Dear,
In you we live again.

The flowers that bloomed upon our cheeks
When we were young and fair
Have faded but to bloom again
When we have turned to air;

When vaporized we'll float abroad,
The vines absorb us in,
We'll bloom beside your open door,
We'll be with you again, Dear,
We'll be with you again.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WESTERN GATEWAY TO THE HIGHLANDS.

"THE LAND OF THE SKY."

Will you come to the Mountains, "The Land of the
Sky,"

Where a banquet of glory is spread for the eye,
Where scenes of enchantment enravish the soul,
And reason to rapture surrenders control.

Where the mountains do rear their summits above
The storm and the cloud, to the regions of love;
Where waters go dashing down rocky declines,
And the hills are covered with evergreen vines.

Where boasting musicians are wont to retire
When the bird of the mountain tunes his sweet lyre,
And lends to his melody wings that can fly,
To scatter his song through "The Land of the Sky."

Where fountains are gushing from every hill-side,
All sparkling and cold as a health-giving tide;
An elixir of life more tempting to sip
Than the cup that presses the Bacchanal's lip.

Where the air is freighted with sweetest perfume
Wafted from the flower when full in its bloom,

And the breezes that float o'er mountain's tall peak
Give back the invalid the rose to his cheek?

Ye seekers of pleasure, oppressed by the heat,
Come to this region, 'tis a pleasant retreat;
Ye ones that are feeble, why linger and die,
Come up to this beautiful "Land of the Sky."
A. M. Dougherty.

THE East Tennessee and Western North Carolina Railroad, more generally known as the Cranberry Railroad, leads through one of the most unique and beautiful regions in America. The first ten miles of this admirable road, extending from Johnson City to Elizabethtown, lies through the broad, fertile valley of the lower Watauga, a country productive in men so eloquent as to convert the very language of common life into poetry.

It was in and around this favored spot that Andrew Johnson, though born in North Carolina, began that political career that crowned him with the laurels of the nation. Here was born and reared Thomas A. R. Nelson, the able jurist, who, soon after the Civil War, wrote the prophetic poem on East Tennessee beginning with the following beautiful lines:

EAST TENNESSEE.

East Tennessee! secluded land
Of gentle hills and mountains grand,
Where healthful breezes ever blow,
And coolest springs and rivers flow;
Where yellow wheat and waving corn
Are liberal poured from plenty's horn,—
Land of the valley and the glen,
Of lovely maids and stalwart men;
Thy gorgeous sunsets well may vie,
In splendor, with Italian sky;
For, gayest colors deck the clouds,
As night the dying sun enshrouds,
And heaven itself doth wild unfold
Its drapery of blue and gold,
And, pillowed in the rosy air,
The seraphs well might gather there,
And, in the rain-bow-tinted west,
Be lulled by their own songs to rest!

Thy bracing winter, genial spring,
The ruddy glow of rapture bring;
Thy summer's mild and grateful heat,
From sweltering suns gives cool retreat;
While frosty autumn, full of health,
Fills crib and barn with grainy wealth,
And challenges the earth to dress
Its leaves in richer loveliness!

Enchanting land, where nature showers
Her fairest fruits and gaudiest flowers;

Where stately forests wide expand,
Inviting the industrious hand,
And all the searching eye can view
Is beautiful and useful, too;
Who knows thee well, is sure to love,
Where'er his wandering footsteps rove,
And backward ever turns to thee,
With fond, regretful memory,
Feeling his heart impatient burn
Among thy mountains to return!

In this fertile valley Colonels Shelby and Sevier collected and marshaled the troops with which they joined Colonel Campbell, of Virginia, in winning the glorious victory over the British at King's Mountain.

On the left bank of the Doe River, within the corporate limits of Elizabethtown, is an historic sycamore whose branches are as flourishing as the State in whose soil it grows, and its leaves are fashioned to the patterns of the dallying nooks in the rippling stream, to whose joyful song they dance and tremble.

Beneath the umbrageous foliage of this beautiful tree, within the mirthful sound of the laughing Doe River, where every breeze was sweet with the odor of neighboring cedars, Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory), the royal hater of John Quincy Adams, held the first Court ever convened in the great Commonwealth of Tennessee.

I cannot better continue my description of the Watauga Valley than by quoting the magnanimous oration which Landen C. Haynes delivered under the following circumstances:

At a grand banquet given to members of the bench and bar, during a session of the Supreme Court, held in Jackson, Tennessee, soon after the war between the states, General N. B. Forest arose and said: "Gentlemen, I propose the health of the eloquent attorney from East Tennessee" (turning to Haynes), "a country sometimes called the God-forsaken."

Mr. Haynes responded as follows:

"MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN:—I plead guilty to the soft impeachment. I was born in East Tennessee, on the banks of the Watauga, which in the Indian vernacular means 'beautiful river,' and a beautiful river it is. I have stood upon its banks in my childhood and looked down through its glassy waters, and have seen a heaven below, and then looked up and beheld a heaven above, reflecting, like two vast mirrors, each in the other its moons and planets and trembling stars.

"Away from its banks of rock and cliff, hemlock and laurel, pine and cedar, stretches a vale back to the distant mountains as beau-

tiful and as exquisite as any in Italy or Switzerland.

“ There stand the great Unaka, the great Roan, the great Blacks, and the great Smoky Mountains, among the loftiest in America, on whose summits the clouds gather of their own accord, even on the brightest day. There I have seen the great spirit of the storm after noontide go and take his evening nap in his pavilion of darkness and of clouds.

“ I have then seen him aroused at midnight as a giant refreshed by slumber and cover the heavens with gloom and darkness, have seen him awake the tempest and let loose the red lightnings that ran along the mountain-tops for a thousand miles swifter than an eagle’s flight in heaven.

“ Then I have seen them stand up and dance, like angels of light in the clouds, to the music of that grand organ of nature, whose keys seemed to have been touched by the fingers of the Divinity, in the hall of eternity that responded in notes of thunder resounding through the universe.

“ Then I have seen the darkness drift away beyond the horizon, and the morn get up from her saffron bed like a queen, put on her robes of light, come forth from her palace in the sun, ‘ stand tiptoe on the misty mountain-top,’ and while Night fled before her glorious face to his bedchamber at the

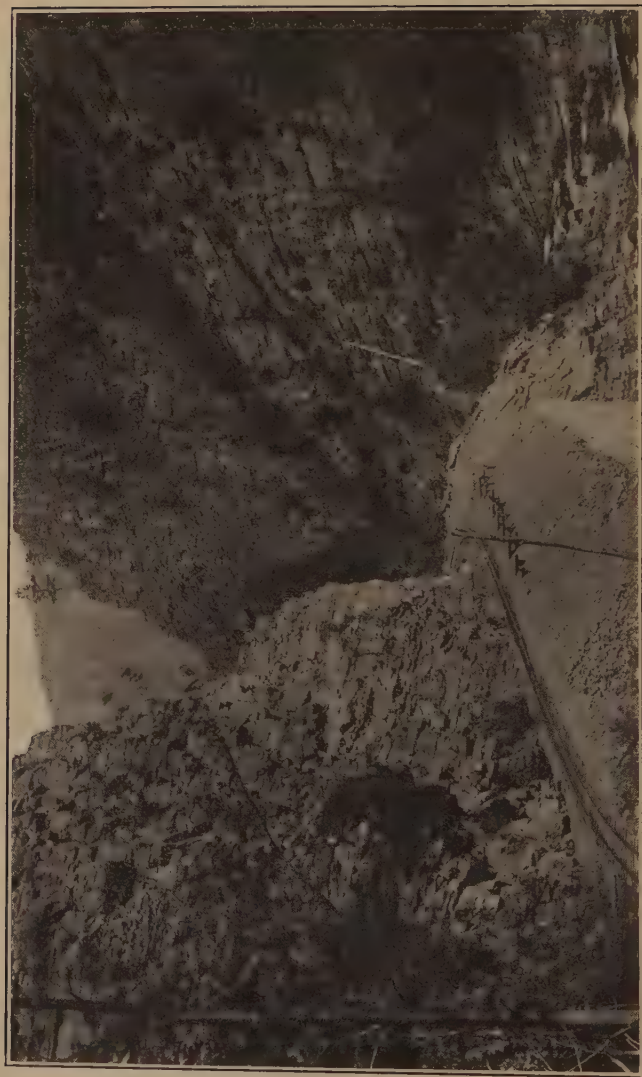


Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

PARDEE'S POINT, IN DOE RIVER GORGE.

pole she lighted the green vale and beautiful river, where I was born and where I played in childhood, with a smile of sunshine.

“ Oh, beautiful land of the mountains with thy sun-painted cliffs, how can I ever forget thee!”

Mr. Haynes had a countenance as broad and brilliant as the land of his birth, and a voice as sweet and musical as Watauga's murmuring tide. If he had lived in the days of Greek or Roman triumph, and had displayed his silver-tongued eloquence at the foot of Helicon or in the valley of the Tiber, his countrymen would have dropped a wreath of glory upon his brow and proclaimed him first of the nation.

The passenger-train that curls its column of smoke through and beyond the beautiful vales of the Watauga is quaintly called the stem-winder, because in winding the many graceful curves of the road where brooks pouring down over the rocks throw spray in at the windows, and the passing gales blossom with the sweet odors of the woods, it bears a marked resemblance to the tempered steel of a time-keeper in playing its part within the glittering gold and among the intricate movements of the best jeweled stem-winder in the pocket of the millionaire.

Six miles above Elizabethtown, the stem-winder stops at Hampton, a handsome station, noted for its voluminous limestone spring.

One mile beyond Hampton, the iron steed dashes through one of the five tunnels on the line, and bursts into a grand canyon called the Gorge. Here the Doe River, a rumbling, tumbling, rollicking, frolicking stream, in dancing and dallying along the countless ages of time, has cut its way down through the rocks to the depth of a thousand feet, and so nearly perpendicular are the walls on either side that a suspension bridge could be constructed, with usual decorum, across the chasm at the top. Through this unique and beautiful gateway to the Highlands of Western North Carolina the roadbed has been prepared, for the distance of four miles, by cutting a niche out of the rocks, about fifty feet above the river, on the left bank; and as the stem-winder "wheels its droning flight" through crag and canyon, by rushing rapids and foaming falls, through bracing air and views sublime, it passes by great towers and walls, and temples, and cathedrals, and castles of stone, ornamented with spires and domes and turrets and battlements, and enriched with a profusion of wild pinks and rhododendrons that grow in the crevices and impart a glowing harmony to



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

ELK RIVER RAPIDS, BELOW ELK PARK.

the gray columns and pilasters and obelisks and pinnacles and porticos of stone behind them. Passing this colossal structure of Nature's masonry, the stem-winder follows the rumbling waters of the Doe to Roan Mountain station and hotel, which are connected by a hack line with Cloudland Hotel, twelve miles away on the bald of the great Roan Mountain.

Leaving the banks of the Doe, the train winds through the alternating valleys and ravines of Shell Creek, crosses the state line and arrives at Elk Park, one mile beyond. Here scores of health- and pleasure-seekers get off the train, either to board in the town or to take the dirt road, eight miles to Banner Elk, sixteen to Valle Crucis, or thirteen to Grandfather Inn.

At Elk Park Mr. E. P. Tatum has been in the hotel and livery business for a number of years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. Ben Johnson says: "He that would have fine guests, let him have a fine wife." Mr. Tatum has *fine guests*.

Two miles south of the town rises the great Hum of Yellow Mountain, and the same distance north the beautiful Elk Falls have a clear leap of sixty feet into a deep, seething pool.

Two miles beyond Elk Park, the train reaches its terminus, the famous Cran-

berry, where the Cranberry Iron and Coal Company are operating the greatest mine of magnetic iron ore in America. Here the Mitchell House is always so well kept that the presidents of the Iron and Coal Company and of the Railroad Company find pleasant board within it.

Justus Moser says: "Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it." The wife of Mr. G. H. Angel, proprietor of the Mitchell House, is *always happy*.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ON TO SAGINAW.

FROM Cranberry the Linville River Railroad, owned and operated by the W. M. Ritter Lumber Co., leads southeast twelve miles to Saginaw, where laurels, hanging over the Linville River, shadow their green-spangled leaves in its glassy trout-pools.

Six miles on the way, as the train glides up Toe River, you come to "Old Fields of Toe," a muster ground before the Civil War, when the men in all the states were required to meet, at given intervals, on certain nice plots of ground, to muster as a standing readiness in case of war against a foreign foe.

The name "Toe," as applied to the fields and the stream, is said to have originated as follows:

Estatoe, a chief's daughter, was engaged to a young man of the tribe, and, when her father objected to the marriage, she drowned herself in the clear stream, which the Indians afterwards called by her name; but the whites, being too indolent to hinge their tongues upon the silvery accents, changed the euphonious word to "Toe," which can

mean no more than one of those miserable corn-bearing extremities which had all the rhetoric frozen out of them before the discovery by Columbus.

Following a tributary of the Estetoe two miles farther takes you to Montezuma, where, in the hotel piazza of Mr. John Carpenter and his good wife Mary, nothing takes hold of the hungry feeling of man more gladly

“Than that all-softening, overpow’ring knell,
The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell.”

Three miles onward, and you will roll into Saginaw, where the Pineola Inn, also belonging to the W. M. Ritter Lumber Co., could not be excelled for its sanitary location. As you can see in the cut, its copious verandas are reached by up-grade approaches, which lead through sweet-briar hedges and bowers of balsam and blooming rhododendron.

It is a fourth of a mile from the station, and the river which flows between is crossed by a bridge.

Guests who stop at this Inn and then go away will be impressed with the beauty of the following lines:



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

PINEOLA INN, AT SAGINAW.



Photo by L. E. Webb.

LINVILLE, FROM THE CRAG.

“Who’e’r has traveled life’s dull round,
Where’e’r his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn.”

Communications addressed to Proprietor of Pineola Inn, Saginaw, N. C., will receive prompt attention.

LINVILLE.

Three miles up the river from Saginaw, or two and a-half miles from Montezuma, is Linville, the cleanliest town in the North Carolina Mountains, east of Asheville, and the only place of the kind where guests have a large ideal zone for golf. It is the business point of an eighteen thousand acre tract of land, owned by the Linville Improvement Co., and covering Grandfather and other mountains, with their intervening valleys and streams. Its central building, Esceola Inn, is a chimney-topped, shingle-gabled and verandaed edifice, where cool nights are made comfortable by cheerful fires in large chimney-places, and summer days are sweetened with breeze-wafted odors that float through the windows from neighboring flowers. On the first floor, at the northeast corner, is the music room, which is finished

in native hard woods, furnished with a sweet-toned piano, and having a floor as hard as lignum-vitæ and as slick as a peeled onion, furnishes fine facilities for tripping the fantastic toe.

In this building and its grounds are all of the most popular conveniences and amusements of modern hotels. The Company has even been so thoughtful as to prepare rustic houses, where the joyous children can give vent to their ecstasy without disturbing the old. They are the only real estate owners within a hundred-mile radius of their town who have protected their trout against the dynamiter and the clandestine angler. To double the utility of protection, they have established a fish hatchery on the premises, and a doubting sportsman can convince himself that the name of the Company's piscatorial tribe is legion.

When we combine Eseeola Inn with its splendid auxiliary cottages, and add to these the good fishing, the fine drives and the excellent liveries, we have one of the most delightful mountain resorts on this side of the earth.

An object of attraction, only one mile from Linville, is Mr. Harlan P. Kelsey's expansive nursery of native ornamental plants, shrubs and trees, and when you visit this manifold collection from a local sec-

tion of nature's garden you will be surprised that our American parks, cemeteries and lawns have been stuffed with costly foreign importations, while the beautiful orchids, ferns, blooming vines, flowering shrubs, perennial herbs, aquatic and bog plants, and evergreen and deciduous trees of the southern Alleghany Mountains have, until recently, been almost entirely excluded.

All around this youthful metropolis of the Highlands are flowers for the botanist, rocks for the geologist, trout for the angler, landscapes for the artist, sublimity for the poet, recreation for the tired business man, invigoration for the weak, ease for the old, and for the young beautiful retreats, where Cupid wields the subduing power of his golden dart and sends his victims into the royal presence of Hymen, presiding beneath his crown of sweet marjoram.

THE YONAHLOSSEE ROAD.

From Linville it is twenty miles east to Blowing Rock, which is not only one of the most popular summer resorts in the south, but also a handsome town, two miles long, on the very crest of the Blue Ridge; and if more of the buildings were painted white it would be a modern Alba Longa.

The Linville Improvement Company connected these two places by the grandest drive in the state, which is chiseled out of the rocks along the south side of the Grandfather Mountain, and the region through which it passes is as rugged as if Vulcan's mighty anvils had been thrown from the throttle of a volcano and lodged on the mountain-side. High up the imposing crags the eye is directed into great dark holes and hollows that Sol's rays have never penetrated; but in the opposite direction the expansive view is extended far into the blue haze of the sunny south.

Five miles from Linville, and just above the elegant highway where it is crossed by a tumbling brook, is the Leaning Rock, about one hundred feet high, consisting of three truncated blocks of stone set one upon another, the first tapering gradually upward from its broad, square base to fit the bottom of the second, and the top of the second being patterned in like manner to the bottom of the third. Up and down through the center of the crowning section is a rent, and at the point where its lower extremity touches the top of the middle division is a little soil formed by the mixture of lodged leaves and disintegrated rock, and supporting a flourishing bunch of rhododendron, which, in



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

WILSON'S CREEK BRIDGE, ON YONAHLOSSEE ROAD.



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

LEANING ROCK, ON YONAHLOSSEE ROAD.

July, hangs out its scarlet flora like a beautiful bouquet upon the bosom of a Colossus.

The great Appian Way, leading from Rome by way of Naples to Brundisium, was probably not more interesting than the Yonahlossee Road. Statius called that ancient thoroughfare the *Regina Viarum*, which, being of the Latin tongue, means Queen of Roads. It was projected and partly built, B. C. 312, by Appius Claudius, the author of the famous dictum, "Every one is the architect of his own fortune." Its width was from fourteen to eighteen feet, and the large, well-fitted stones with which it was laid looked up through the flying wheels of Titus' chariot and saw Vesuvius shoot his fires at the stars and pour down the cinders under which Pompeii slept for two thousand years in the peaceful arms of the dead.

High over the *Regina Viarum* were the inverted images of ships reflected from the fluorescent waters of the Mediterranean, and sailing on the fleecy waves of the sky. Even the beautiful islands of that sea were apparently inverted above the horizon, presenting the observer with the tinted images of trees with their tops downward, mountains projecting from the sky, fat cattle grazing upon the verdure of the heavens, and the contending armies of different na-

tions and creeds intrenching themselves in the clouds.

Such were the wonders of earth, sea and sky as seen from the "Queen of Roads;" such the exquisite glimpses from which Cicero caught the glorious inspiration that filled Rome with eloquence and the world with classic recollections. But with the fall of the western Empire the Regina Viarum went to decay, and, during the many centuries that have since elapsed, the Yonahlossee Road, around the south side of the great evergreen Grandfather, is one of the few public highways that have again associated the ease and elegance of travel with the æsthetic delights of the mind and heart.

Blowing Rock is connected on the south with the "C. and N. W.," by two fine dirt roads, one leading to Lenoir, the other to Edgemont. Three miles from Linville the MacRae branch of the Yonahlossee turns to the left, and winds back and forth up crags and through huckleberry balds, the distance of one and a-half miles to its terminus under the west bluff of the Grandfather. From this point, less than half a mile by footpath takes you to the top, as seen in the cut facing page 173.

Four miles from Linville, and one mile beyond the fork of the MacRae branch with the main line, the Appian Way branch, two

miles long, turns to the right, and, crossing Beacon Heights, continues to the summit of Grandmother Mountain, which we will call the Queen Consort of the Grandfather.

The Princess, Beacon Heights, standing between the king and queen, extends to each a hand, and ever looks upon the father with tearful eyes, like a Christian daughter trying to persuade her hard-hearted parent to repentance. But the queen, having despaired of softening the immovable monarch, glances at his frowns with resignation.

From these splendid drives aged persons, and those otherwise unable to endure the fatigue of climbing, can sit in the carriage, at elevations of over five thousand feet above the level of the sea, and enjoy as fine views as any region in the eastern half of America affords, and they are met by new and beautiful objects of entertainment at every revolution of the flying wheels that bear them onward.

ALEXANDER MACRAE'S.

Where the MacRae branch forks with the Yonahlossee lives Alexander MacRae, the Scotchman of the Grandfather, who was born at Glenelg, Inverness County, in beautiful Caledonia, where Robert Burns sang:

- “ On a bank of flowers, in a summer day,
For summer lightly dressed,
The youthful, blooming Nelly lay,
With love and sleep oppressed,
When Willie, wandering through the wood,
Who for her favor oft had sued,
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
And trembled where he stood.
- “ Her closed eyes, like weapons sheathed,
Were sealed in soft repose;
Her lips, still fragrant as she breathed,
It richer dyed the rose.
The springing lilies, sweetly prest,
Wild, wanton, kissed her rival breast;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
His bosom ill at rest.
- “ Her robes, light, waving in the breeze,
Her tender limbs embrace!
Her lovely form, her native ease,
All harmony and grace!
Tumultuous tides his pulses roll,
A faltering, ardent kiss he stole;
He gazed, he wished, he feared, he blushed,
And sighed his very soul.
- “ As flies the partridge from the brake,
On fear-inspired wings,
So Nelly, starting, half-awake,
Away affrighted springs;

But Willie followed—as he should—
He overtook her in the wood;
He vowed, he prayed, he found the maid
Forgiving all and kool.”

In 1885 he gathered his little family to his side and said:

“Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth:
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high covered with snow!
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below!
Farewell to the forest and wild-hanging woods!
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

(My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.”

Charles Lamb tells us that the Scotch are so ardent, in truth, that they do not know what figurative expression means. He says that he showed a fine print of a graceful female to a Scotchman, and then said to him: “How do you like my beauty?” (meaning the picture). The reply was: “I have con-

siderable respect for your character and talents, but have not given much thought to your personal pretensions." He says also that when he was informed, at a party of North Britons, that a son of Burns was expected, he remarked: "I wish it were the father instead of the son." To this four Scotchmen answered at once: "That is impossible, sir, because he is dead." Such was their esteem for rational conversation (so this author suggests) that they could not conceive the meaning of an impractical wish. Mr. Lamb informs us that he did not like the Scotch; and he might have added that they did not like him. It is quite probable that these were witty gentlemen, who, feeling piqued by their subjugation to the British crown, intentionally perverted the Englishman's language into ridicule.

At any rate, Mr. Alexander MacRae and his good Scotch wife like a joke, and they possess such a soul-winning simplicity as to be favorites wherever known. He enjoys his bagpipe, which he plays at entertainments, and on the cliffs of the Grandfather the people enjoy it, both for its entertainment and for the reflection that such is the music of a land that has enriched the world with poetry and heroic deeds.

If you would have the best substitute for a visit to Scotland, stop at the MacRae House,



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

ALEXANDER MACRAE HOUSE, ON YONAHLOSSEE ROAD.

where you can see pictures made in Glasgow,

“And harmless shepherds tune their pipes to love,
And Amaryllis sounds in ev’ry grove.”

A PLEASANT JOURNEY.

From Linville to Blowing Rock there is a choice of ways. If you want to take it leisurely and catch trout as you go, you will loiter up the stream four miles to Linville Gap, where a beautifully pinnacled mountain on the left, crowned with ivy and laurel, is Dunvegan.

Here the lefthand road leads four miles to Banner Elk, but by the one that goes straight forward it is now less than a mile down the gurgling brooks of the Watauga to Grandfather Inn, which nestles so near the evergreens that the sweet odor of the balsams is wafted in at the doors, and, sweeping through the commodious hallways, cures hay-fever and bronchitis, and prolongs the lives of consumptives.

About fifty yards in front of the building, at the foot of a declivity, flows the prattling infant Watauga, and along its opposite bank from the Inn is a narrow strip of bottom, from whose farther side rises a precipitous

hill, so profusely grown over with rhododendron that in the blooming season, from about June 20th to August 10th, it presents the veranda-sitting tourist with a perfect wilderness of the gayest flowers. This is the bloom-belted base of the Grandfather, whose visible summit, only three miles away, is reached by a winding path that passes the spring where Charlie Clippersteel and Lydia Meaks met and renewed their love.

A drummer once dined at a hotel where the dinner was brought to him in individual dishes, and, after he had eaten it all up, he said to the waiter: "Well, I have enjoyed your samples very much, so you will please bring in the dinner." But at Grandfather Inn they put the meal in capacious vessels on the table, and then say to you: "Fingers were made before forks, and, if you would rather use them than the tri-pronged utensil, just crack your whip."

SHULL'S MILLS.

From Grandfather your objective point is Shull's Mills, six miles down the Watauga, and as you travel between blooming buckwheat on one side and waving corn on the other you pass the village of Foscoe, where birds of good omen have always flitted through the skies of William H. Calloway,

and arrive, two miles beyond, at your destination. Here J. C. Shull and G. W. Robins each keeps a first-class country hotel, surrounded by a large lawn. Around Shull's Mills, in the Watauga and its tributaries, is good fishing; and it was here that a man, who thought himself wise, once said to a lad, who was casting his line upon the waters, "Adolescens, art thou trying to decoy the piscatorial tribe with a bicurved barb on which thou hast affixed a dainty allurement?"

"No, sir," replied the lad, "I'm fishing."

At this point the tourist leaves the banks of the beautiful Watauga and winds the rising curves of a turnpike-road, seven miles to Blowing Rock, where all classes of board, from comfortable to fancy, can be had at *pro rata* prices.

BOONE.

Eight miles north of Blowing Rock and connected with it by a good road is Boone, the county-seat of Watauga.

In a bottom, not far from the court-house, Daniel Boone, for whom the place is named, once had a cabin, and the pile of stones that still marks the place of his chimney is being rapidly carried away by relic-seekers.

At Boone, the highest county-seat in the

south, is the Appalachian Training School, which the state established and endowed with an ample fund to give teachers free tuition. It is under the permanent and most excellent management of Professors D. D. and B. B. Dougherty.

Zionsville is fifteen miles north of Boone, and Rich Mountain rises at one end and ends at the other. A few years ago the landlord of this mountain employed a bard to write up, in verse, the panorama from its finest view, and recite it later on at a festival which the said landlord gave on that great summit. The mountain, the landlord, the festival and the bard have furnished the author with material for the following lines:

THE TATER-HILL.

Between old Boone and Zionsville
There is a knoll, Potato Hill,
Located on a mountain high,
That all may see who passes by.

A house of stone beneath its feet
A lawyer built that he might beat
From lower climes a cool retreat.

This house of stone the clouds imbibe:
Its owner I will thus describe:
In public speech so much he rushes
They aptly call him Bull o' the Brushies.

His figure stout, not tall and slim,
With strength of speech, protruding chin,
He wears a tall, black, silken hat,
In politics he e'er "stands pat;"
His nasal horn in blowing strength
By far exceeds the common length.

He asked a bard in words that chime
To set the Tater-Hill in rhyme.
If bard would rhyme his mountain hobbies,
Then he would print ten thousand copies,
That all the maids might lisp their name,
And they would have eternal fame.

The bard he rhymed of rippling rills,
Of tints that blue the distant hills,
Of clouds that fleck the azure sky,
Of flitting meteors passing by,
Of corn that grows in vernal showers,
Of rainbows arching lovely bowers,
Of gaudy butterflies that play
In odorous pinks and roses gay,
Of pied-frogs piping from their bogs,
Of pheasants drumming on their logs,
Of warbling birds and roaring falls,
Then paid his compliments to owls.

Said he: "Look yonder at the Beech,
A mountain where the owl doth screech,
And in a voice both hoarse and bleak
Pours floods of music from his beak,

And claims to have exclusive right
To contemplate the orbs of night."

Now I'll relate, since I've begun,
This lovely romance of my own
About this bird of monstrous eyes.
This little story may suffice
To entertain you in a corner
When your scowl you need to humor.

An owl that perched upon a hill,
Seeing a maiden by a rill,
As if to know whom she would woo,
Asked her the question, "Whoo, whoo, whoo?"

This girl had heard the Lord of All
Unto the pulpit preachers call;
So now she thought he called her, too,
To know whom she would wed and woo,
And, as she could not hope for riches,
Replied: "Anybody, Lord, who wears breeches."

As I sat by a brook that sung,
Watching robins feed their young,
An owl that did the woods infest
Now perched himself beside the nest.

The old ones screamed to rend the skies,
And, fluttering, sputtering, 'round him flies;
He gazed upon their plumage gay,
Then snatched a bird and flew away.

The parent birds in silent flight
Followed their darlings out of sight,
As backwards thence their memory rushed,
Their heart so hurts, their voices hushed.

I thought of God, the thought absurd,
That He had said through Christ the Lord :
“ No sparrow falls without His word.”

If He from off His throne in Heaven
Hath birds to earth in mercy given,
If He His wisdom did extend,
From the beginning saw the end,
Why made He this accipitrine
For rending living birds in twain ?

One miracle I rehearse,
The miracle of the Universe,
The owl a bird that giveth pain,
But him for this I'll not disdain.
In Wisdom's ways he fills his place,
In Nature's choir he plays the bass.

VALLE CRUCIS.

Seven miles west of Boone, eight miles east of Banner Elk, twelve miles northwest of Blowing Rock, and five miles north of Shull's Mills, is Valle Crucis (Vale of the Cross), where there is bass-fishing in the

Watauga, and the Mary Etta Falls of Dutch Creek have a leap of eighty feet into a foaming pool, that is bordered with an evergreen selvage of laurel and pine.

At this place the sons of the hospitable H. Taylor built handsome estates on the ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, which flourished under Bishop Ives in about 1845, and fell with his apostasy to Rome in 1852. But in the year 1902 the land was re-purchased by the Church, and a capacious mission school, with concomitant buildings, established on the grounds where the Abbey had stood.

The name, Valle Crucis, is said to have been suggested by the fact that two mountain tributaries, flowing toward each other and emptying into Dutch Creek below the falls, form a cross with that crystal stream in the center of the beautiful valley.

A large rustic armchair, made and occupied by the devout William West Skiles during his missionary work at Valle Crucis, now sits in the new chapel and shoots up its fabric of rhododendron and kalmia boughs in the most beautiful style of the Gothic architecture.

The very best rural board can be had at Valle Crucis with Mr. F. P. Mast, who lives in a handsome house on the thoroughfare to Blowing Rock, and only a two minutes'



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

KLONTESKA INN, BANNER ELK.



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

VALLE CRUCIS MISSION SCHOOL, MAIN BUILDING.

walk across the meadow from the Watauga, or at the buildings of the mission school, which are not otherwise occupied in summer.

BANNER ELK.

Banner Elk is midway from Elk Park to Valle Crucis, and eight miles from either place. It is twenty miles from Blowing Rock and ten miles from Linville.

This emerald valley is subdivided into a number of green swards, each threaded by its own silvery stream, and separated from its neighbors by vine-clad hills. These hay-scented meadows are sequestered in a triangular frame of mountains. The sides of this triangle are about four miles long, and the corners represented by three lofty peaks, viz.: Beech, Sugar and Hanging Rock, each rising high above its surroundings and commanding a panorama of all the adjacent country. Beech was named from its beech groves, Sugar from the sugar maples that forest its slopes, and Hanging Rock from its hanging pinnacle. Beech has more recently been named Klonteska, which in the Indian vernacular means pheasant, because the mountain abounds in that bird; Sugar has been called Kulasaga, the Indian word for sweet, and Hanging Rock

Yonawaya, the Indian word for bear's paw, because a rock in its profile resembles the foot of a bear. Hanging Rock stands at the east angle of the figure and Beech at the northwest.

Between any two of these mountain peaks the land swags like a great hammock whose hooks were in their summits. These hammocks are interwoven of evergreen and deciduous trees, and in their flowery meshes the hills are cradled.

Looking southeast from the valley, through and just beyond the hammock that swings between Kulasaga and Yonawaya, the great evergreen Grandfather uplifts his bold camel-backed outline in dark contrast to all his lighter surroundings. The slope of these flowery meads and leafy dells is toward the sunset, and the frolicsome creek that drains them is called Elk, from the antlered monarch that once had his verdant kingdom upon its banks. Just under the hammock that extends north and south from Klonteska to Kulasaga the Elk leaps from the valley into a gorge. Adown this defile of the mountains beautiful escarpments of ferns and galax slope down the declivities to the water's edge. Tall birch and hemlock spruce, growing on opposite sides of the stream, reach out and interlock their boughs, as if to shake hands across its musical cur-



Photo by J. W. McCrackin.

LEES MACRAE INSTITUTE, BANNER ELK.

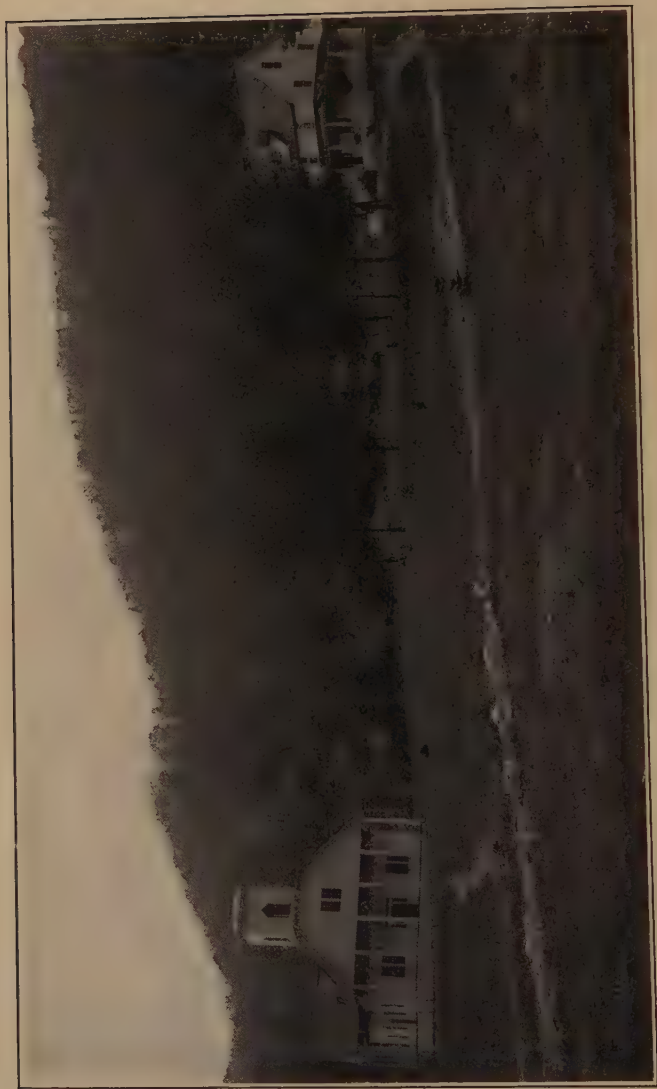


Photo by J. W. McCrackin.
LEES MACRAE INSTITUTE, BOYS' DEPARTMENT, PLUMBTREE, N. C.

rent. Foaming falls spit their white mist contemptuously into the dimpled cups of the kalmia and rhododendron that bloom in the galleries of the rocks; and the leafy arches that canopy the stream are ribbed with the trunks of trees. Such are the lovely vistas that greet the tourist and the sportsman upon the banks of the Elk.

But it is doubtful how long our description will hold good, for the destroying agents are fast at work. The citizens who could save, and ought to save, a part of their forest in its natural beauty are right into it with fire and smoke, and it does seem to me that if they could use brimstone without stifling their own selves to death they would certainly order a few train loads in exchange for tan-bark and lumber.

“Klonteska Inn,” at Banner Elk, owned and well-kept by Dr. R. D. Jennings, is on one of the prettiest foot-hill views in the mountains.

The Lees MacRae Institute, a fine summer school for girls, which has its vacation from just before Christmas till the first of May, is strongly supervised by the unrelenting energy of Rev. Edgar Tufts.

The Boys' Branch of the Lees MacRae Institute is under the quite faultless military discipline of Rev. J. P. Hall. It is located at Plumptree, N. C., eight miles south of Cranberry.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNAL OF ANDRÉ MICHAUX.

[The following sketch of the history of André Michaux's career is condensed from the memoir prepared by Professor Charles S. Sargent, of Brookline, Massachusetts, as an introduction to the journal published by the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia.]

THE younger Michaux, in the year 1824, presented to the American Philosophical Society the manuscript diary kept by his father during his travels in America. The first parts had been unfortunately lost in the wreck of the vessel in which Michaux returned to France from America, and no record is preserved of his travels in this country from the time of his arrival in New York in October, 1785, until his first visit to South Carolina in 1787.

The first notice of the journal which appeared in this country is found in a paper, by Professor Asa Gray, entitled "Notes of a Botanical Excursion to the Mountains of North Carolina," published in the American Journal of Science, in 1841. This brief

extract, together with a more detailed account of those parts of Michaux's document which relate to Canada, published in 1863, by the Abbé Ovide Brunet, directed the attention of botanists to this record of the travels of one of the most interesting and picturesque figures in the annals of botanical discovery in America, and for many years the feeling has existed among them that the journal which furnishes an important chapter in the history of the development of American botany should be published. The American Philosophical Society having shared in these views, a copy of the manuscript has been placed in my hands for publication. It is now printed as Michaux wrote it, by the light of his lonely camp-fires, during brief moments snatched from short hours of repose, in the midst of hardships and often surrounded with dangers. The character of the man appears in this record of his daily life, and any attempt to correct or extend his words would destroy their individuality and diminish the historical value of his diary.

The journal is something more than a mere diary of travel and botanical discovery. The information which it contains in regard to various plants first detected by Michaux is valuable even now, and his remarks upon the condition and the remote

settlements which he visited in the course of his wanderings are interesting and often amusing. They record the impressions of a man of unusual intelligence—a traveler in many lands, who had learned by long practice to use his eyes to good advantage, and to write down only what he saw.

He was the first botanist who ever traveled extensively in this country, although it must not be forgotten that John and William Bartram, his predecessors by several years in the same field, did much to prepare the way for his wider and more detailed explorations. The first connected and systematic work upon the flora of North America was based largely upon his collections, and bears the impress of his name, while it was by his efforts that many American plants were first made known in the gardens of Europe.

Michaux was born at Salory, in the neighborhood of Versailles, on March 7, 1746, and early became interested in the cultivation and study of plants. He left Paris, in 1782, for Aleppo and Bagdad, and, after traveling extensively and mastering the Persian language, he returned to Paris early in 1785, bringing with him a valuable herbarium and a large collection of seeds.

At this time the French government was anxious to introduce into the royal plantations the most valuable trees of eastern

North America, and Michaux was selected for this undertaking. He was instructed to explore the territory of the United States, to gather seeds of trees, shrubs and other plants, and to establish a nursery near New York for their reception, and afterwards to send them to France, where they were to be planted in the Park of Rambouillet. He was directed also to send game birds from America, with a view to their introduction into the plantations of American trees.

Michaux, accompanied by his son, then fifteen years old, arrived in New York in October, 1785. Here, during two years, he made his principal residence, established a nursery, of which all trace has now disappeared and making a number of short botanical journeys into New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. The fruits of these preliminary explorations, including twelve boxes of seeds, five thousand seedling trees, and a number of live partridges, were sent to Paris at the end of the first year.

Michaux's first visit to South Carolina was made in September, 1786. He found Charleston a more suitable place for his nurseries, and made that city his headquarters during the rest of his stay in America. Michaux's journeys in this country after his establishment in Charleston covered the territory of North America from Hudson's Bay

to Indian River, in Florida, and from the Bahama Islands to the banks of the Mississippi River.

In 1788 he was called upon by the minister of the French Republic, lately arrived in New York, to proceed to Kentucky, to execute some business growing out of the relations between France and Spain with regard to the transfer of Louisiana. This political journey, and a second one made into the far West, occupied long intervals of Michaux's time, covering a period of about seven years, at the end of which he returned finally to Charleston in the spring of 1796. His nurseries were in a most flourishing condition; they were stocked with the rarest American plants collected during years of labor and hardship; and with many of those plants of the old world which Michaux was first to introduce into the United States. The tallow tree (*Stillingia sebifera*), now often cultivated and somewhat naturalized in the southern states, and the beautiful *albizzia Julibrissin*, were first planted in the United States by him. He first taught the settlers in the Alleghany Mountains the value of the ginseng, and showed them how to prepare it for the Chinese market—a service which gained for him a membership in the exclusive Agricultural Society of Charleston.

His movements for several years had been impeded and the success of his journeys interfered with by the lack of financial support from the French government, and Michaux found, on his return to South Carolina, that his resources were entirely exhausted. An obscure botanical traveler, almost forgotten in a distant land, had little hope of recognition from Paris during the closing years of the last century, and it was now evident that he could depend no longer on support and assistance from France. He determined, therefore, rather than sell the trees which he longed to see flourishing on French soil, to return to Paris.

Michaux sailed from Charleston on the 13th of August, 1796. The voyage was tempestuous; and on the 18th of September the vessel was wrecked on the coast of Holland, where the crew and passengers, worn out by exposure and fatigue, would have perished but for the assistance of the inhabitants of the little village of Egmont. Michaux fastened himself to a piece of plank, and was finally washed ashore unconscious, and more dead than alive. His baggage was lost; but his precious packages of plants, which were stored in the hold of the vessel, were saved, though saturated with salt water. He remained in Egmont for sev-

eral weeks to regain his strength and to dry and rearrange his plants, and did not reach Paris until January. He was received with great distinction and kindness by the botanists of the Museum, but a bitter disappointment awaited him. An insignificant number only of the six thousand trees which he had sent to France during the eleven years he had passed in America remained alive. The storms of the Revolution and of the Empire had swept through the nurseries of Rambouillet, and Michaux's American trees were destroyed or hopelessly scattered.

This was the greatest disappointment of his life, but he was not discouraged. His longings were to return to America, but the French government would not supply the necessary means, and on the 18th of October, 1800, he sailed with Baudin on his voyage of discovery to New Holland; and on the 19th of February, the following year, the expedition reached the Isle of France. Here, after a stay of six months, in which Michaux made his first acquaintance with the vegetation of the real tropics, he left the party for the purpose of exploring the island of Madagascar, which seemed to offer a more useful field than New Holland for his labors.

He landed on the east coast, and at once set about laying out a garden, in which he

hoped to establish, provisionally, the plants he intended to bring back from his journeys in the interior. Impatient of the delays caused by the indolence of the natives, he had employed to prepare the ground, Michaux, in spite of the warnings of persons familiar with the danger of exposure and over-exertion under a tropical sun, insisted upon working himself day after day. He was soon prostrated with fever, but his vigorous constitution and indomitable will enabled him to resist the attack, and his health being partly restored at the end of four months, he was ready to start for the mountains. His preparations were all made, but on the eve of his departure, late in November, 1802, he was attacked again with fever and died suddenly. He was only fifty-six years old, still in the prime of life, and possessed all of his powers when his useful career was thus suddenly brought to an end.

EXTRACT FROM THE JOURNAL OF ANDRÉ
MICH AUX.—*Translated.*
1794.

[The Journal of André Michaux from the time he passed Charlotte, on his way to the mountains of Western North Carolina, until he returned to Charleston, from which point he had started.]

July 22.—Passed through Charlotte in Mecklenburg. Red clay soil; quartz rocks; clear waters formerly: the waters have the color of dead leaves or dry tobacco. Vegetation, red-oaks, black-oaks, and white-oaks, etc. *Actea spicata*. . . . Slept six miles from Tuck-a-Segee ford.

July 23.—Passed through Ben Smith, twenty miles from Charlotte. Two or three miles before arriving there saw the *Magnolia tomentoso-glaucæ fol. cordatis longiorib.* Slept six miles from B. Smith.

July 24.—Passed through Lincoln and dined with Reinhart. *Calamus aromaticus*. Slept at the old shoemaker's.

July 25.—Came to Henry Watner, now Robertson.

July 26.—Arrived at Morganton, Burke Court-House, thirty miles from Robertson. *Frutex Calycantha facies*, etc.

July 27.—Stayed at Morganton on account of the rain and swollen creeks, which could not be passed except by swimming.

July 28.—Remained at Morganton.

July 29.—Left Morganton, and slept at John Rutherford's, near whose house I went over a bridge across Muddy Creek.

July 30.—Came back into the usual road, which leads to Turkey Cove, and arrived at the house of a man named Ainsworth.

July 31.—Herborized on the Linville high mountains, southeast of Ainsworth's residence; and on the rocks and mountains denuded of trees collected a little shrub (*Leiophyllum buxifolium*).

August 1.—Herborized on mountains of very rich soil, situated to the northeast. Measured a tulip-tree twenty-three French feet in circumference.

August 2.—Herborized toward the mountains to the northward.

August 3.—Herborized among *Cyperoides* and other aquatic plants.

August 4.—Prepared for the journey to the Black Mountain.

August 5.—Deferred the journey on account of the lack of provisions.

August 6.—Set out and reached the place called Crab-tree.

August 7.—Herborized on the mountains in vicinity of Crab-tree.

August 8.—Herborized.

August 9.—Continued my herborizations.

August 10.—Arrived at the foot of Black Mountain.

August 11.—Arrived on the — side of Black Mountain. (Among the plants collected he names "fox-grapes, fruit good to eat.")

August 12.—Returned from the mountain.

August 13.—Arrived at the house of Mr. Ainsworth.

August 14.—A thick fog made it difficult to explore the high mountains. Herborized in the valleys.

August 15.—Rain.

August 16.—Journeyed toward the Yellow Mountain and Roun (Roan) Mountain. Reached Towe (Toe) River, Bright's Settlement. The principal inhabitants of this place are Davinport, Wiseman. Collected herbs: *Azalea coccinea*, *lutea*, *flava*, *alba*, and *rosea*; all these varieties of the *Azalea nudiflora* are found in this region.

August 17.—Agreed with a hunter (Davinport) to go to the mountains.

August 18.—Herborized and described several plants.

August 19.—Started to go toward the high mountains.

August 20.—Herborized in the mountains.

August 21.—Reached the summit of Roun (Roan) Mountain; found in abundance a small shrub with boxwood-like leaves which I formerly designated as *Leiophyllum buxifolium*, but the capsule of which has three cells and opens at the top.*

* It is strange that Michaux did not mention the abundance of this shrub growing on the bare rocks of Grandfather Mountain.

August 22.—Reached the summit of the Yellow Mountain.

August 23.—Returned to Davinport's house.

August 24.—Put my collections in order.

August 25.—Rain.

August 26.—Started for Grandfather Mountain, the most elevated of all those which form the chain of the Alleghanies and the Appalachians.

August 27.—Reached the foot of the highest mountain.

August 28.—Climbed as far as the rocks.

August 29.—Continued my herborizations.

August 30.—Climbed to the summit of the highest mountain of all North America, and, with my companion and guide, sang the Marseillaise Hymn, and cried, "Long live America and the French Republic! long live Liberty! etc." *Le 30 Monté au sommet de la plus haute montagne de toute l'Am. Sept. et avec mon compagnon Guide, chanté l'hymne des Marseillais et crié Vive l'Amérique et la Républiq. Française, Vive la Liberté, etc., etc.*

August 31.—Rain all day. Staid in camp.

September 1.—Came back to the house of my guide Davinport.

September 2.—Rain. Herborized.

September 3.—Arranged my collections.

September 4.—The same work.

September 5.—Started for Table Mount.

September 6.—Visited the cliffs of the mountain Hock-bill (Hawk-bill) and of Table Mountain. These mountains are very barren, and the new shrub (*Leiophyllum*) is the only rare plant found there. It is there in abundance. Slept at a distance of six miles, at Park's.

September 7.—Started for Burke Court-House or Morganton. Slept at the house of General MacDowal. Saw near his house *Spirea tomentosa* in abundance. From Burke to John Wagely's house, about twelve miles. From John Wagely's to Thomas Young's, ——. From Thomas Young's to Davinport's, eight miles.

September 8.—Arrived at Burke Court-House, or Morganton. Visited Colonel Avery and stayed at his house.

September 9.—Started in the evening from Morganton; slept three miles distant from it. Met an inhabitant of Stateborough, Mr. Atkinson, who invited me to his house.

September 10.—Reached Robertson, thirty miles from Morganton.

September 11.—Slept at Reinhart's, Lincoln Court-House, fifteen miles from Robertson.

September 12.—Started for Yadkin River and Salisbury. Slept at Catawba Spring, eighteen miles from Lincoln.

September 13.—Went to Betty's Ford on the Catawba River, twenty miles from Lincoln. Slept at a farm eight miles before coming to Salisbury, where the three roads from Philadelphia, from Charleston, and from Kentucky meet.

September 14.—Passed through Salisbury, a town of better appearance than the other towns of North Carolina. *Fifty miles from Lincoln to Salisbury.* Continued my way to Fayetteville; crossed Yadkin River and slept fourteen miles from Salisbury.

September 15.—Passed several creeks and low, but very stony hills.

September 16.—Part of the road very stony. Saw the *Magnol. acuminata florib. luteis*: *Collinsonia tuberosa*. Came then upon sandy ground. Slept at the house of Martin, store-keeper.

September 17.—Continued my way across the sand-hills.

September 18.—Reached a place six miles from Fayetteville. Lost my two horses.

September 19 and 20.—Employed these two days in searching for my horses.

September 21.—Found one of the two and . . .

September 22.—Arrived again at Fayetteville, formerly Cross Creek. The river Cape Fear flows past that town. Saw in my herborizations swamps which surround the town. *Cupressus disticha*, *thyoides*, often together.

September 23.—Started from Fayetteville after having had the satisfaction to read the news, arrived the evening before, from Philadelphia, concerning the glorious victories of the Republic. Slept at the house of the old (?) MacCay, fifteen miles from Fayetteville on the road from Salisbury.

September 24.—Took the road from Charleston on the left and passed Drowned Creek at MacLawchland bridge. But the more direct route from Fayetteville to Charleston is by way of Widow Campbell Bridge, forty (?) miles from Fayetteville. From Widow Campbell Bridge to Gum Swamp, ten miles from the line that separates North Carolina and South Carolina.

September 25.—Passed through Gum Swamp and slept eight miles from Fayetteville. Saw the *Cupressus thyoides* and the *Cupressus disticha* in several swamps. Saw the *Andromeda Wilmingt.* in abundance in all the swamps. *Liquid-ambar*

peregrinum, etc. Two miles from Gum Swamp we reach South Carolina.

September 26.—Passed through Long Bluff, a small hamlet, two miles south of the river Big Pedée, seventy-four miles from Fayetteville.

September 27.—Passed through Black Swamp, twenty-two miles from Long Bluff. Col. Benton, twelve miles from L. Bluff. Black Creek, ten miles from L. Bl. Jeffers Creek, ten miles from L. Bl.

September 28.—Passed Lynch's Creek, forty miles from L. Bl.

September 29.—Passed Black River, thirty miles from Lynch Creek. A certain Lorry keeps the ferry of Black River.

September 30.—Arrived at Maurice Ferry, on the Santee River, fifteen miles from Black River, and twenty miles from Monk's Corner. The passage of the ferry was dangerous, and I was obliged to go to Lenew Ferry. It is twenty-five miles from Maurice Ferry to Lenew or Lenew's Ferry.

October 1.—Left Lenew's Ferry and passed through Strawberry's Ferry, twenty-five miles from Lenew's Ferry, and twenty-eight miles from Charleston. Reached the dwelling-house near Ten M. House.

October 2.—Left for Charleston,

CHAPTER XX.

A CONDENSED MEMOIR OF REV. ELISHA
MITCHELL, D. D.

ELISHA MITCHELL, D. D., was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Connecticut, on the 19th of August, 1793.

He graduated at Yale College in 1813, was appointed to the chair of mathematics in the University of North Carolina in 1817, and, after rendering thirty-nine and a half years of the most valuable service in the scientific departments of that institution, he perished the 27th of June, 1857, in the sixty-fourth year of his age, and was buried in Asheville the 10th of the following July. "But at the earnest solicitation of many friends, and especially of the mountain men of Yancey, his family allowed his body to be removed and deposited in the top of Mt. Mitchell. This was done on the 16th of June, 1858. There he shall rest till the judgment day in a mausoleum such as no other man has ever had. Reared by the hands of Omnipotence, it was assigned to him by those to whom it was given thus to express their esteem, and it was consecrated by the lips of

eloquence warmed by affection, amidst the rites of our holy religion. Before him lies the North Carolina he loved so well and served so faithfully. From his lofty couch its hills and valleys melt into its plains as they stretch away to the shores of the eastern ocean, whence the dawn of the last day stealing quietly westward, as it lights the mountain-tops first, shall awake him earliest to hear the greeting of

"Well done, good and faithful servant."

THE SEARCH FOR PROFESSOR MITCHELL'S BODY.

(From the Asheville Spectator.)

MESSRS. EDITORS,—Having spent a week at the scene of this memorable calamity, in search of the body of Dr. Mitchell, and assisting in its removal after it was found, I have been requested by sundry citizens to give to the public a sketch of the deplorable event. In accordance with their request, I now take my pen to give you all I know of the accident, which has caused so much sorrowful excitement in this region, and which I doubt not will unnerve the public feeling to its centre throughout the State when the sad tidings shall be generally known.

It is known to all who have felt interested in our State geography, that there lately sprung up a dispute between the Hon. T. L. Clingman and Dr.

Mitchell in regard to one of the high peaks of the Black Mountain put down in Cook's map as Mt. Clingman. The former alleging that he was first to measure and ascertain its superior height to any other point on the range, and the latter gentleman asserting that he was on that same peak and measured it in the year 1844. After several letters, pro and con, through the newspapers, Dr. Mitchell announced last fall his intention of visiting the mountain again for the purpose of remeasuring the peak in dispute, taking the statements of some gentlemen who had acted as his guides on his former visits, etc. Some time since, about the middle of June, I think, he came up, in company with his son Chas. A. Mitchell, his daughter, and a servant boy, established his headquarters at Jesse Stepp's, at the foot of the mountain, and began the laborious task of ascertaining the height of the highest peak by an instrumental survey, which, as the former admeasurements were only barometrical, would fix its altitude with perfect accuracy. He had proceeded with his work nearly two weeks, and had reached to some quarter of a mile above Mr. Wm. Patton's Mountain House, by Saturday evening, half-past two o'clock, the 27th of June, at which time he quit work and told his son that he was going to cross the mountain to the settlement on Caney River for the purpose of seeing Mr. Thomas Wilson, Wm. Biddle, and, I believe, another Mr. Wilson, who had guided him up to the top on a former visit. He promised to return to the Mountain House on Monday at noon. There was no one with him. This was the last time

he was ever seen alive. On Monday his son repaired to the Mountain House to meet his father, but he did not come. Tuesday the same thing occurred, and though considerable uneasiness was felt for his safety, yet there were so many ways to account for his delay that it was scarcely thought necessary to alarm the neighborhood; but when Wednesday night came and brought no token of him, his son and Mr. John Stepp immediately started on Thursday morning to Caney River in search of him. On arriving at Mr. Thos. Wilson's, what was their astonishment and 'dismay to learn that he had neither been seen nor heard of in that settlement! They immediately returned to Mr. Stepp's, the alarm was given, and before sundown on Friday evening companies of the hardy mountaineers from the North Fork of the Swannanoa were on their way up the mountain. The writer, happening to be present on a visit to the Black, joined the first company that went up. About eighteen persons camped at the Mountain House that evening, and continued accessions were made to our party during the night by the good citizens of that neighborhood, who turned out at the call of humanity as fast as they heard the alarm, some from their fields, some from working on the road, and all without a moment's hesitation. Early on Saturday morning our party, under the command of Mr. Fred. Burnett and his sons, all experienced hunters, and Jesse Stepp and others who were familiar with the mountains, struck out for the main top, and began the search by scouring the woods on the left-hand, or Caney River side

of the trail that runs along the top. We continued on this way to the highest peak without discovering any traces whatever of his passage, when our company became so scattered into small parties that no further systematic search could be made that day. But directly in our rear as we came up the mountain was Mr. Eldridge Burnett with some more of his neighbors, who had come from their houses that morning; and hearing a report that Dr. Mitchell had expressed his intention of striking a bee-line from the top for the settlements without following the blazed trail way to Caney River, they searched for signs in that direction, and soon found a trail in the soft moss and fern that was believed to have been made by him, and followed it until it came to the first fork of Caney, where it was lost. Nothing doubting but they were on his track, and that he had continued down the stream, they went several miles along the beat of the river, over inconceivably rough and dangerous ground until dark, when they threw themselves upon the earth and rested till morning. Mr. Stepp, Mr. Fred. Burnett and others made their way to Wilson's on Caney River to join the company that was coming up from the Yancey side, and the writer and many others returned, gloomy and disappointed, to the Mountain House. Thus ended the first day's search. During almost the entire day the rain had poured down steadily, the air was cold and chilling, the thermometer indicating about forty-four degrees at noon, whilst the heavy clouds wrapped the whole mountain in such a dense fog that it was impossible

to see any distance before us. It seemed as if the genii of those vast mountain solitudes were angered at our unwonted intrusion, and had invoked the Storm-God to enshroud in deeper gloom the sad and mysterious fate of their noble victim.

Sabbath morning came, but its holy stillness and sacred associations were all unregarded, and the party camping in the Mountain House, now largely augmented by constant arrivals from the settlements, plunged again into the gloomy forest of gigantic firs, and filing through the dark and deep gorges struck far down into the wilds of Caney River. Mr. Eldridge Burnett's party returned about two o'clock, bringing no tidings and seeing no further trace whatever of the wanderer's footsteps. Still later in the day Messrs. Fred. Burnett and Jesse Stepp and party returned with some twelve or fifteen of the citizens of Caney River, having traversed a large scope of country and finding still no trace of the lost one. The rain still continued to pour down, and the gloomy and ill-omened fog still continued to wrap the mountain's brow in its rayless and opaque shroud. Just before dark the remaining party came in, unsuccessful, tired, hungry, and soaking with water. A general gloom now overspread the countenances of all, as the awful and almost undeniable fact was proclaimed that Dr. Mitchell was surely dead, and our only object in making the search would be to rescue his mortal remains from the wild beasts and give them Christian sepulture! It could not be possible, we thought, that he was alive, for cold, and hunger,

and fatigue, if nothing worse had happened to him, would ere this have destroyed him. Alas! we reasoned too well. By this time the alarm had spread far and near, and many citizens of Asheville and other parts of the country were flocking to the mountains to assist in the search for one so universally beloved and respected. On Monday the company numbered some sixty men. New routes were projected, new ground of search proposed, and the hunt conducted throughout the day with renewed energy and determination, but still without avail. On Tuesday the company of Buncombe men separated into three squads and took different routes, whilst Mr. Thomas Wilson and his neighbors from Caney River took a still more distant route, by going to the top of the highest peak and searching down toward the Cat-tail fork of the river. They were led to take this route by the suggestion of Mr. Wilson that Dr. Mitchell had gone up that way in his visit to the high peak in 1844, and that perhaps he had undertaken to go down by the same route. They accordingly struck out for that point, and turning to the left to strike down the mountain in the prairie near the top, at the very spot where it is alleged that the Doctor entered it thirteen years ago, they instantly perceived the impression of feet upon the yielding turf, pointing down the mountain in the direction indicated of his former route. After tracing it some distance with that unerring woodcraft which is so wonderful to all but the close observing hunter, they became convinced that it was his trail, and sent a messenger back some

five miles to inform the Buncombe men, and telling them to hurry on as fast as they could. The writer, with Mr. Charles Mitchell and many others, was in a deep valley on the head-waters of another fork of the river, when the blast of a horn and the firing of guns on a distant peak made us aware that some discovery was made. Hurrying with breathless haste up the steep mountain side in the direction of the guns, we soon came up, and found the greater part of our company watching for us, with the news that the Yancey company were upon the trail we had been so earnestly seeking so many days. After a brief consultation, two or three of our party returned to the Mountain House for provisions, and the balance of us started as fast as we could travel along the main top toward our Yancey friends, and reached the high peak just before dark. Here we camped in a small cabin built by Mr. Jesse Stepp, ate a hasty supper, and threw ourselves upon the floor, without covering, to rest.

About one o'clock in the night, just as the writer was about closing his eyes in troubled and uneasy slumber, a loud halloo was heard from the high bluff that looms over the cabin. It was answered from within, and in a moment every sleeper was upon his feet. Mr. Jesse Stepp, Capt. Robert Patton and others, then came down and told us that the body was found. Mournfully then indeed those hardy sons of the mountain seated themselves around the smouldering cabin-fire, and on the trunks of the fallen firs, and then, in the light of a glorious full moon, whose

rays pencilled the dark, damp forest with liquid silver, seven thousand feet above the tide-washed sands of the Atlantic, the melancholy tale was told. Many a heart was stilled with sadness as the awful truth was disclosed, and many a rough face glittered with a tear in the refulgent moonlight as it looked upon the marble pallor and statue-stillness of the stricken and bereaved son, and thought of those far away whom this sudden evil would so deeply afflict.

It was as they expected. The deceased had undertaken to go the same route to the settlements which he had formerly gone. They traced him rapidly down the precipices of the mountain, until they reached the stream (the Cat-tail fork), found his traces going down it—following on a hundred yards or so, they came to a rushing cataract some forty feet high, saw his footprints trying to climb around the edge of the yawning precipice, saw the moss torn up by the outstretched hand, and then—the solid, impressionless granite refused to tell more of his fate. But clambering hastily to the bottom of the roaring abyss, they found a basin worn out of the solid rock by the frenzied torrent, at least fourteen feet deep, filled with clear and crystal waters cold and pure as the winter snow that generates them. At the bottom of this basin, quietly reposing, with outstretched arms, lay the mortal remains of the Rev. Eliśha Mitchell, D. D., the good, the great, the wise, the simple-minded, the pure of heart, the instructor of youth, the disciple of knowledge and the preacher of Christianity! Oh, what friend to science and vir-

tue, what youth among all the thousands that have listened to his teachings, what friend that has ever taken him by the hand, can think of this wild and awful scene unmoved by the humanity of tears! can think of those gigantic pyramidal firs, whose interlocking branches shut out the light of heaven, the many-hued rhododendrons that freight the air with their perfume and lean weepingly over the waters, that crystal stream leaping down the great granites and hastening from the majestic presence of the mighty peak above, whilst in the deep pool below, where the weary waters rest but a single moment, lies the inanimate body of his dear friend and preceptor, apparently listening to the mighty requiem of the cataract! Truly "Man knoweth not his time, and the sons of men are entrapped in the evil, when it cometh suddenly upon them."

Upon consultation it was thought best to let the body remain in the water until all arrangements were completed for its removal and interment; judging rightly that the cold and pure waters would better preserve it than it could be kept in any other way. At daylight a number of hands went to cutting out a trail from the top of the mountain to where the body lay, a distance of three miles, whilst others went to Asheville to make the necessary arrangements. Word was also sent to the coroner of Yancey, and to the citizens generally to come and assist us in raising the body on Wednesday morning. At that time a large number of persons assembled at Mr. Jesse Stepp's and set out for the spot, bearing the coffin

upon our shoulders up the dreary steeps. We had gone near ten miles in this way and had just turned down from the high peak toward the river, when we were met by Mr. Coroner Ayres, and about fifty of the citizens of Yancey, coming up with the body. They had got impatient at our delay, and enveloping the body in a sheet and fastening it securely upon a long pole, laid it upon the shoulders of ten men and started up the mountain. And now became manifest the strength and hardihood of those noble mountaineers. For three miles above them the precipitous granites and steep mountain sides forbade almost the ascent of an unincumbered man, which was rendered doubly difficult by great trunks of trees, and the thick and tangled laurel which blocked up the way. The load was near two hundred and fifty pounds, and only two men could carry at once. But nothing daunted by the exertion before them, they step boldly up the way, fresh hands stepped in every few moments, all struggling without intermission and eager to assist in the work of humanity. Anon they would come to a place at which it was impossible for the bearers to proceed, and then they would form a line by taking one another's hands, the uppermost man grasping a tree, and with shouts of encouragement heave up by main strength. In this way, after indescribably toiling for some hours, they reached the spot. Here was afforded another instance of the great affection and regard in which the deceased was held by all. These bold and hardy men desired to have the body buried there, and contended for it long

and earnestly. They said that he had first made known the superior height of their glorious mountain and noised their fame almost throughout the Union; that he had died whilst contending for his right to that loftiest of all the Atlantic mountains, on which we then stood, and they desired to place his remains right there, and at no other spot. It would indeed have been an appropriate resting-place for him, and greatly was it wished for by the whole country, before its being told them that his family wanted his remains brought down. They reluctantly yielded, and the Buncombe men proceeded to bring the body slowly down the valley of the Swannanoa. Before leaving the top, the writer took down the names of all present, and will ask you to publish them to the world, as men who have done honor to our common humanity by their generous and disinterested conduct on this melancholy occasion. I am no flatterer, Messrs. Editors, but I must confess that the labor which these mountain men expended and the sacrifice they so willingly and cheerfully made is worthy of all praise and admiration. May God reward their kindness! I feel sure the numerous friends and pupils of the dear deceased would rather read the list of these men's names than the "ayes and nays" of any Congressional vote that has been recorded in many a day.

FROM YANCEY.

Nathaniel B. Ray, I. M. Broyles, Joseph Shephard, Washington Broyles, Henry Wheeler, Thomas

Wilson, Jas. M. Ray, D. W. Burleson, G. B. Silvers, J. O. Griffith, E. Williams, A. D. Allen, A. L. Ray, Thomas D. Wilson, E. A. Pyatt, D. W. Howard, W. M. Astin, James H. Riddle, Dr. W. Crumley, G. D. Ray, Burton Austin, James Allen, Henry Ray, T. L. Randolph, John McPeters, W. B. Creasman, S. J. Nanney, Samuel Ray, E. W. Boren, Rev. W. C. Bowman, J. W. Bailey, Thomas Silvers, Jr., Thomas Calloway, Henry Allen, J. L. Gibbs, Jesse Ray, James Hensley, Robert Riddle, W. D. Williams, J. D. Young, William Rolen, G. W. Wilson, John Rogers, James Allen, Jr., J. W. Ayres, J. F. Presnell, R. A. Rumble, W. J. Hensley, D. H. Silvers, R. Don Wilson, Jas. Calloway.

FROM BUNCOMBE.

S. C. Lambert, William Burnett, R. H. Burnett, R. J. Fortune, Ephraim Glass, J. H. Bartlett, B. F. Fortune, A. N. Alexander, James Gaines, J. E. Ellison, John F. Bartlett, F. F. Bartlett, Elijah Kearly, E. Clayton, A. Burgin, Jesse Stepp, D. F. Summey, T. J. Corpning, Harris Ellison, T. B. Boyd, A. J. Linsley, Joshua Stepp, William Powers, R. P. Lambert, Tisdale Stepp, Daniel Burnett, Thaddeus C. Coleman, A. F. Harris, W. C. Fortune, Fletcher Fortune, Capt. Robert Patton, Cooper, servant of Wm. Patton, John, servant of Fletcher Fortune, Esq.

A. J. Emerson, Chatham County, A. E. Rhodes, Jones County, H. H. Young, and Moses Dent, Franklin County; all students of Wake Forest College.

This list does not comprise all who assisted in the search, as, much to my regret, I did not take a list of any but those present at the removal of the body. I believe, however, that the names of all are recorded on the register of Mr. Patton's Mountain House, where the friends of Dr. Mitchell can see them when they visit (as I have no doubt many will) the scene of his death.

This ends my brief sketch of this melancholy affair. As to my eulogy upon Dr. Mitchell's character I feel myself unequal to the task. I trust that it will be appropriately pronounced by some one of his learned and devoted fellow-laborers of the University. My feeble pen could add nothing to his moral and intellectual stature. I will only say that I loved him as sincerely as any one in the State. I am gratified to be able to state that unusual kindness and respect was exhibited by every citizen of the country throughout the whole transaction.

Yours truly,

Z. B. VANCE.

CHAPTER XXI.

DICTIONARY OF ALTITUDES

(ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE SEA)

IN

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

TAKEN FROM OFFICIAL REPORTS, 1906.

WATAUGA COUNTY.

	FEET
Blowing Rock, highest town in the State....	4,090
Boone, highest Court-House in the State....	3,332
Grandfather Hotel and Post-Office, nearest to summit of Grandfather Mountain.....	4,050
Valle Crucis, neighborhood and Post-Office...	2,726
Shull's Mills, neighborhood and Post-Office..	2,917
Cook's Gap, of the Blue Ridge.....	3,349
BANNER ELK.	
Post-Office	3,900
Beech Mountain.....	5,522
Hanging Rock.....	5,237
Sugar Mountain, Mitchell County....	5,289
GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN.	
Watauga, Mitchell, and Caldwell Counties	5,964

FEET.

Dunvegan, bluff of Rough Enough Ridge, near	
Grandfather	4,924
Howard's Knob, overlooking Boone.....	4,451
Bald of Rich Mountain.....	5,300
Sugarloaf	4,705
Snake Mountain.....	5,594
Elk Knob.....	5,555
Flat-Top, near Blowing Rock.....	4,537
Mountain City, across the Tennessee line....	2,418

MITCHELL COUNTY.

Elk Park	3,180
Cranberry	3,160
Hump Mountain	5,522
Sugar Mountain	5,289
Montezuma	3,882
Linville	3,800
Eighteen miles of Yonahlossee Road..	4,000 to 5,000
Beacon Heights	4,650
Grandmother Mountain	4,686
Linville Gap (Guyot)	4,100
McCandles Gap (Author)	4,250
Grandfather Mountain	5,964
Bakersville	2,471
Toecane	2,244
Hunt Dale	2,033
Altapass	
Plumtree	2,889

ASHE COUNTY.

	FEET.
Jefferson Court-House.....	2,940
Negro Mountain.....	4,597
Mulatto Mountain.....	4,687
Three-Top Mountain.....	4,950
Paddy Mountain.....	4,300
Phoenix Mountain.....	4,673
Bluff Mountain.....	5,060
Peak Mountain.....	5,195
White-Top Mountain, across the Virginia line	5,530

WILKE COUNTY.

Wilkesboro Court-House.....	950
Little Grandfather Mountain.....	3,783
Tompkins's Knob.....	4,055
Deep Gap, of the Blue Ridge.....	3,105

CALDWELL COUNTY.

Lenoir Court-House.....	1,132
Patterson's factory.....	1,279
Hibriten Mountain, near Lenoir.....	2,265

BURKE COUNTY.

Morganton Court-House.....	1,110
Linville Mountain, south end.....	3,766
Linville Falls, Po.	3,250
Linville Falls, top of fall	3,100
Linville Falls, bottom of fall	3,000
Short-Off Mountain, north summit.....	3,127

THE GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN. 277

Table Rock Mountain.....	FEET. 3,909
Hawksbill Mountain.....	4,030

HEIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAINS AROUND ASHEVILLE.

VALLEY OF THE SWANNANOA.

Junction of Flat Creek with Swannanoa River	2,250
Joseph Stepp's house.....	2,368
Burnett's house.....	2,423
Lower Mountain house, Jesse Stepp's floor of piazza	2,770
W. Patton's cabins, end of carriage road.....	3,244
Resting Place, brook behind last log-cabin...	3,955
Upper Mountain, house.....	5,246
Ascending to Toe River Gap, passage, main branch above Stepp's.....	3,902

IN THE BLUE RIDGE.

Toe River Gap, between Potato Top and High Pinnacle	5,188
High Pinnacle, of Blue Ridge.....	5,690
Rocky Knob's south peak.....	5,306
Big Spring, on Rocky Knob.....	5,080
Gray Beard.....	5,448

CRAGGY CHAIN.

Big Craggy.....	6,068
Bull Head.....	5,958
Craggy Pinnacle.....	5,945

BLACK MOUNTAIN, MAIN CHAIN.

	FEET.
Potato Knob	6,419
Clingman's Peak	6,611
Mt. Gibbs	6,519
Stepp's Gap, the cabin	6,103
Mt. Hallback	6,403
Mitchell's Peak	6,711
Dome Gap	6,352
Balsam Cone	6,645
Hairy Bear	6,681
Bear Gap	6,234
Black Brothers (N. Bro.)	6,620
" " (S. Bro.)	6,690
Cat-tail Peak	6,609
Potato Hill	6,487
Rocky Trail Peak	6,488
Celo Mt.	6,351
Bowlen's Pyramid	4,962

NORTH-WESTERN CHAIN.

Blackstock's Knob.....	6,386
Yeates's Knob.....	5,975

CANEY RIVER VALLEY.

Green Ponds, at Tom Wilson's highest house	3,222
Tom Wilson's new house.....	3,110
Wheeler's, opposite Big Ivy Gap.....	2,942
Cat-tail Fork, junction with Caney River....	2,873
Sandofer Gap, or Low Gap, summit of road..	3,176

THE GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN. 279

	FEET.
Burnsville, Court-House Square.....	2,840
Green Mountain, near Burnsville, highest point	4,990

GROUP OF THE ROAN MOUNTAIN.

Summit of the road from Burnsville to Toe River	3,139
Toe River Ford, on the road from Burnsville to Roan Mountain.....	2,131
Baily's farm.....	2,379
Brigg's house, foot of the Roan Mountain, val- ley of Little Rock Creek.....	2,757
Yellow Spot, above Brigg's.....	5,158
Big Yellow.....	5,500
Little Yellow Mount, highest.....	5,196
The Cold Spring, summit of Roan.....	6,132
Grassy Ridge Bald, northeast continuation of Roan Mountain.....	6,230
Roan High Bluff.....	6,287
Roan High Knob.....	6,313

FROM BURNSVILLE TO THE BALD MOUNTAIN—OBSER- VATIONS MADE BY PROFESSOR W. C. KERR, OF DA- VIDSON COLLEGE.

Sampson's Gap.....	4,130
Egypt Cove, at Proffit's.....	3,320
Wolf's Camp Gap.....	4,359
Bald Mountain, summit.....	5,550

VALLEY OF THE BIG IVY CREEK.

	FEET.
Dillingham's house, below Yeates's Knob, or Big Butte	2,568
Junction of the three forks.....	2,276
Solomon Carter's house.....	2,215
Stocksville, at Black Stock's.....	2,216
Mouth of Ivy River, by railroad survey.....	1,684

FROM ASHEVILLE TO MOUNT PISGAH.

Asheville Court-House.....	1,985
Sulphur Springs, the spring.....	2,092
Hominy Cove, at Solomon Davies's.....	2,542
Little West Pisgah.....	4,724
Great Pisgah.....	5,713
Biltmore estate	1,993

BIG PIGEON VALLEY.

Forks of Pigeon, at Colonel Cathey's.....	2,701
East fork of Pigeon, at Captain T. Lenoir's..	2,855
Waynesville Court-House.....	2,635
Sulphur Spring, Richland Valley, at James R. G. Love's.....	2,716
Mr. Hill's farm, on Crab Tree Creek.....	2,714
Crab Tree Creek, below Hill's.....	2,524
Cold Mountain.....	4,627

CHAIN OF THE RICHLAND BALSAM.

Richland, between Richland Creek and the

FEET.

west fork of Pigeon Creek, and at E. Med-	
ford's	2,938
E. Medford's farm, foot of Lickston's Moun-	
tain	3,000
Lickston Mountain.....	5,707
Deep Pigeon Gap.....	4,907
Cold Spring Mountain.....	5,915
Double Spring Mountain.....	6,380
Richland Balsam, or Caney Fork Balsam Di-	
vide	6,370
Chimney Top.....	4,606
Spruce Ridge Top.....	6,076
Lone Balsam.....	5,898
Old Bald.....	5,786

CHAIN OF WESTENER'S BALD.

Western Bald, north peak.....	5,414
Pinnacle	5,692

GREAT MIDDLE CHAIN OF BALSAM MOUNTAINS BE-
TWEEN SCOTT'S CREEK AND LOW CREEK.

Enos Plott's farm, north foot of chain.....	3,002
Old Field Mountain.....	5,100
Huckleberry Knob.....	5,484
Enos Plott's Balsam, first Balsam, north end	6,097
Jones's Balsam, north point.....	6,223
South end.....	6,055
Rock Stand Knob.....	6,002
Brother Plott.....	6,246

	FEET.
Amos Plott's Balsam, or Great Divide.....	6,278
Rocky Face.....	6,031
White Rock Ridge.....	5,528
Black Rock.....	5,815
Panther Knob.....	4,376
Perry Knob.....	5,026

VALLEY OF SCOTT'S CREEK.

Love's saw-mill.....	2,911
Maclure's farm.....	3,285
Road Gap, head of Scott's Creek.....	3,357
John Brown's farm.....	3,049
Bryson's farm.....	2,173
John Love's farm.....	2,226
Webster Court-House.....	1,979

VALLEY OF TUCKASEEGE AND TRIBUTARIES.

Tuckaseege River, mill, below Webster, near the road to Quallatown.....	2,004
Junction of Savannah Creek.....	2,001
Junction of Scott's Creek.....	1,977
Quallatown, main store.....	1,979
Soco River, ford to Oconaluftee.....	1,990
Soco Gap, road summit.....	4,341
Amos Plott's farm, on Pigeon.....	3,084
Oconaluftee River, junction, Bradley Fork..	2,203
Robert Collins's highest house.....	2,500
Junction of Raven's and Straight Fork.....	2,476
Junction of Bunch's Creek.....	2,379

THE GRANDFATHER MOUNTAIN. 283

CHAIN OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAIN, FROM
NORTHEAST TO SOUTHWEST, FROM THE BOUND OF
HAYWOOD COUNTY TO THE GAP OF LITTLE TEN-
NESSEE.

	FEET.
The Pillar, head of Straight Fork of Oconaluftee River.....	6,255
Thermometer Knob	6,157
Raven's Knob.....	6,230
Tricorner Knob.....	6,188
Mt. Guyot, so named by Mr. Buckley, in common	6,636
Mt. Henry.....	6,373
Mt. Alexander	6,299
South Peak.....	6,299
The True Brother, highest or central peak...	5,907
Thunder Knob.....	5,682
Laurel Peak.....	5,922
Reinhardt Gap.....	5,220
Top of Richland Ridge.....	5,492
Indian Gap.....	5,317
Peck's Peak.....	6,232
Mt. Ocoana.....	6,135
Righthand, or New Gap.....	5,096
Mt. Mingus.....	5,694

GROUP OF BULLHEAD, TENNESSEE.

Central Peak, or Mt. Lecompte.....	6,612
West Peak, or Mt. Curtis.....	6,568
North Peak, or Mt. Stafford.....	6,535

	FEET.
Cross Knob.....	5,931
Neighbor	5,771
Master Knob.....	6,013
Tomahawk Gap.....	5,450
Alum Cave.....	4,971
Alum Cave Creek, junction with Little Pigeon River	3,848

GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAIN, MAIN CHAIN.

Road Gap.....	5,271
Mt. Collins.....	6,188
Collins's Gap.....	5,720
Mt. Love.....	6,443
Clingman's Dome.....	6,619
Mt. Buckley.....	6,599
Chimney Knob.....	5,588
Big Stone Mountain.....	5,614
Big Cherry Gap.....	4,838
Corner Knob.....	5,246
Forney Ridge Peak.....	5,087
Snaky Mountain.....	5,195
Thunderhead Mountain.....	5,520
Eagle Top.....	5,433
Spence Cabin.....	4,910
Turkey Knob.....	4,740
Opossum Gap	3,840
North Bald.....	4,711
The Great Bald's central peak.....	4,922
South Peak.....	4,708
Tennessee River, at Hardin's.....	899

FEET.

Hill House Mountain, summit road to Mont-	
vale Springs.....	2,452
Montvale Springs, Tennessee.....	1,293
Marshall Court-House, Madison County....	1,645
Hot Springs, " "	1,332
Bear Wallow Mountain, " "	4,638
Panel Rock Station, Tennessee line.....	1,264

NANTEHALEH MOUNTAINS.

Franklin Court-House, Macon County.....	2,099
Burning Town Bald, " "	5,103
Rocky Bald, " "	5,822
Toketah, " "	5,373
Wayah, " "	5,492
Albert, " "	5,254
Pickens's Nose " "	4,822
Hendersonville Court-House, Henderson Co.	2,128
Bear Wallow Mountain, " "	4,233
Bear Wallow Gap, " "	3,465
Bald Mountain (or Pinnacle), " "	3,834
Miller Mountain, " "	3,889
Sugarloaf Mountain, " "	3,978

Columbus Court-House, Polk County.....	1,145
Tryon Mountain, " "	3,249
Tryon Station, " "	1,090

Brevard Court-House, Transylvania County..	2,228
Hymen's Knob, " " ..	6,084
Devil's Court-House, " " ..	6,049

	FEET.
Cæsar's Head, South Carolina.....	3,223
Pinnacle, " "	5,436
Hayesville Court-House, Clay County.....	—
Tusquitta Bald, " "	5,314
Medlock Bald, " "	5,258
Standing Indian (Mountain) "	5,495
Chunky Gal, " "	4,985
Robinsville Court-House, Graham County...	—
Joanna Bald, " "	4,743
McDaniel Bald, " "	4,653
Tatham's Gap, " "	3,639
Cheowah, maximum, " "	4,996
Murphy Court-House, Cherokee County....	1,580
Winfrey Gap, " "	3,493
Peak, " "	3,937
Knoahetah Mountain, " "	4,498
Highest summit east of the Mississippi, Mitch- ell's Peak, in North Carolina.....	6,711
Highest mountain in New England, Mount Washington, in New Hampshire.....	6,286
Difference.....	425

Among the peaks jointly possessed by Western North Carolina and East Tennessee there are twenty-three which surpass Mount Washington in height. In addition to these, there are twenty-three other mountains which exceed six thousand feet, but fall

short of Mount Washington; and there are still seventy-nine others which exceed five thousand feet, many of them closely approximating six thousand.

Area of North Carolina, 52,286 square miles.

Land surface, 48,666 square miles.

Water surface, 3,620 square miles.

Northern boundary, eastern end, lat. $36^{\circ} 33' 15''$.

Easternmost point, Chickamicomico, long. $75^{\circ} 27' 12''$.

Southernmost point, Smith's Island, lat. $33^{\circ} 49' 55''$.

Western boundary, long. $18^{\circ} 42' 20''$.

Extreme length, $503\frac{1}{4}$ miles.

Extreme breadth, $187\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

Length of coast line, 314 miles.

Latitude of Raleigh, $35^{\circ} 47'$.

Longitude of Raleigh, $78^{\circ} 38' 5''$.

Longitude of Raleigh, from Washington, $1^{\circ} 37' 57''$.

Altitude of Raleigh, 365 feet.

Average elevation of State, 640 feet.

Population, in 1900, 1,893,810.

Number of counties, 98.

CHAPTER XXII.

PREFACE TO VOCABULARY OF INDIAN WORDS.

MOST of the Cherokee names that follow this explanation have been more or less anglicized; that is, they have been changed in their syllabication so as to ease the euphony and speech of the English tongue. For instance, the word for rainbow is unûñcala-tûñi, which tires our phonetic patience. But if we drop the first and last syllables, and put the "tu" before the "la," we have nuncatu-la, a beautiful word, which is uttered with four open vowels, retains the Indian lingo, and may be properly called a derivative from the Cherokee.

It is said that the words and word-pronunciation of a savage people change more in fifty years than they do in an intelligently-written language in five hundred. A chief of the Cherokees told an American gentleman in 1884 that it was impossible for Indian children to understand fully the language of their grandfathers.

If this be true, the anglicized words have sustained no greater change since we first heard them than they would have undergone

in the same length of time among the Indians themselves.

The word Ottaray, which signifies a mountain region, was written in the sixteenth century by the old Spanish explorers Ottari, and John Adair in 1775 wrote it Ottare. At present it would be Ottara, or Ottalay, as modern Indians in the Piedmont sound " R " where those in the Altamont use " L," and both have changed the ending to the sound of ā.

Mr. A. M. Huger, who has spent much time in gathering Indian lore, says:

" I prefer the rich, rotund ' R ' to the languid, lisping ' L;' and as the ' Land of the Sky ' is a phrase, we could find no better word than this derivative from the Cherokee to give us pithily and poetically the name of our Appalachian Arcadia."

The Cherokees invariably gave names to all water courses, even down to brooks; but rarely to mountain summits, and still less often to ranges. As a rule, therefore, the only way to give a mountain a Cherokee name is to adopt that of a chief or warrior, or of something else that the mountain suggests:

Mr. A. M. Huger, of Hendersonville, N. C., has not only furnished the vocabulary below, but also the

information from which we have drawn the preface above.

The Ethnological Bureau of Washington, D.C., has also been very kind in getting words about which we were in doubt.

The spelling in the following vocabularies is made very full to protect the reader in correct pronunciations. Should you wish to utilize a word that does not exactly suit you, you can drop a letter, substitute one, or do both, which necessary corruption has been engaged in by most persons who have adopted Indian names.

If a gentleman desires to give his bald head an Indian name, he need not write San-tah-wah-gah, but only Santawaga. If his girl wishes to communicate by letter the hope that his bare scalp may ever be arched by the rainbow she need not write Yoo-wah-na, but only Yuwana.

VOCABULARY OF INDIAN NAMES.

Ag-i-ya-si'-ha or Ag-a-si'-yah=hunger.

Ah-chah'-yah=green fields. (fresh or new.)

Ah-lis'-koh=she or it dances.

Ah-loo-no'-yah=mossy rock.

Ah-mah-chee'-lah=fire water. (whisky.)

Ah-nah-kes'-tah=place of balsams.

Ah-no'-kah=black.

Ah-to-tah'-ra=war-chief.

Alloh-wes'-tee=happiness.

Alma-koh-lo'-la=jumping water.

Ah-no-wah=I (the Ego.)

Choon-stul'-la=a thicket.

Chan-tah-cha=panther.

Chee-ah-tul'-lah=cause.

Chee-taw'-gah=chicken.

Chee-taw-gan-ay-kee=crowing chicken. (rooster.)

Chee-oh'-wah=place of otters. (animal.)

Chee'-rah=fire.

Chees'-qua=bird.

Chees-qua-nee'-tah=little bird.

Chees-qua'-yah=big bird.

Chees-see-to'-ah=place of rabbits.

Chees'-too=rabbit.

Chees-too-wa'-ya=rabbit foot.

Chil'-toss or Ah-shil'-toss=falling blossom.

Chil-how'-we=fire deer. (deer shot by torchlight?)

Chin-kan-nas-see'-na=dragging game.

Choon-o-law-ga=smoke.

Chock-les'-tee=sit down. (a command.)

Cho-wel'-lah=fox.

Chu-no-see'-tah=thanks.

Con-na-see'-nah=sassafras.

Cow-wee=beyond. (on the other side.)

Cul-lo-wee=white lily.

Da-soh'-ga=rhododendron.

. E-noh'-ta=black snake.

Eddy-haw'=lynn tree.

Ee-noh'-la=black fox.

Eh-zee'-kah=green.

El-lo'-wah=thunder.

El-o-tee'=downwards.

El-see-to'-nah=foot?

El-see-toss' and No-lah-wis'-sah=preacher.

El-tee-kar'-ta=low land.

Enos-kah-to'-gah=a leap.

Esee-o'-lah=cliffy river.

Ess-ko-nah=oak.

Etto-lee'-tah=rambler.

Ey-sun-day'-ga=old name of upper waters of Savannah river. (may be Tuscarora.)

Gras-ka-law'=table or bench.

Jo-has'-see=he loves.

Ka-tal'-sta=the echo witch.

Kah-nes'-kah=grassy.

Kah-no'-nah=hemlock spruce.

Kah-yo'-kah=tooth.

Kah-yoo-tan'-tah=chimney.

Kan-nah-sut'-tah=toe.

Kan-ne-haw'=carrying.

Kar-so-ee'=back.

Kas-kee-law'=chair.

Kas-sah-no'-lah and Ko-ah-no'-lah=swift.

Kaw-nay-rock=panther pelt. (not Chorkee.)

Ka-wa'-na=duck.

Kee'-ra=dog.

Keen-too-kee-na=beaver-dam.

Kla-ma-haw'=bat.

Klau-soo'-nah=terrapin.

Klon-tes'-kah=pheasant.
 Koh-lah-nah'-yah=raven roost.
 Koh-law'-wah=flying squirrel.
 Ko-loo'-na=raven.
 Ko-ten'-sah=nose.
 Ko-las'-sah=snipe.
 Kon-nah-hee'-tak=long. (Adj.)
 Kon-na-to'-gah=standing turkey.
 Kon-na-nes'-tah=little turkey.
 Kon-na-nes'-kee=spider.
 Kon-na-see'-tah=dog-wood.
 Kon-na-wes'-ka=it melts. (thaws.)
 Konna-so-wah=fish hawk.
 Kon-nas-say-wee'=bundle of arrows.
 Kulla-sa'-ga=sweet, sugar.
 Kul-lee-soh-tah=house.
 Kul-lo-quee-na=stag.
 Kul-lo-wes-kee=axe.

Loll-tee=witch of the waterfalls.

Nan-ta-hay'-leh=sun in the middle, pouring down at
 noon-day.
 Nan-to-kah'-yah=sour-wood.
 Nan-to=the sun.
 Nas-soo'-ga=grape.
 No-kas'-sa=star.
 No-mon'-da=Catawba third) in order of moun-
 tains, streams or territory.
 No'-yah=a rock.
 Not-tah-tee'=spice bush.

Nun'-da=the moon.

Nun-wa'-ti=medicine.

Oh-kah-no'-ah=sweat. (South.)

Oh-kah-set'-tee=rotten.

Oh-kah-tee'-ah=little valley.

Oh-koh'-nah=ground hog.

Oh-lan'-tah=a lover.

Oh-nah-wal'-lah=shallow.

Oh-nee'-tah=milk.

Oh-nes-kee'-lah=nest.

Oh-wan-tes-kah=shade.

Oh-was'-sah=place of God.

Olla-see'-tah=lean.

Os-ko'-dah=buck-eye.

Os-ko'-lah=head or top.

Os-see'-lah=cotton.

Os-so-wee'=evening.

Os-so'-lah=benches.

Ossa-wack'=empty.

Ossa-wat'-tee=buck skin.

Os-so-wes'-tee=to paint.

Os-tah-nee'-ga=scalp.

Os-tee'-gah=baby.

Os-tee-no-lah=rocky bar. (of a river.)

Otta-no-lah=lazy or slow.

Sag-i-naw'=Sauk place, or place of the Sauk Indians. (not Cherokee.)

Sah-ko-lee'-tah=blue bird.

Sah-koh-na'-gah=blue.

Sah-lo'-lah=squirrel.

Sah-lo-lah-nee'-tah=little squirrel.

Sah-noh-lah=morning.

Sah-too-lee'-tah=do you wish it?

San-tah-wah'-gah=bald head.

San-teet'-la=sandy.

Swan-na-no-a=the whiffing noise of wings, of swan
or raven, as they pass overhead.

See-ah-no'-lah or Sass-ee-noh'-la=white man.

Sel-loo-wah-ga=fodder.

See-lah'-wah=sweet gum. (tree.)

See'-loh=corn.

See'-quah=hog.

See-qua-nee'-tah=little hog. (pig.)

See-no'-yah=darkness.

See-yo'-kah=blue jay (bird.) also crooked.

So-kas'-sah=bald. (old field.)

So-ko-tel'-lah=one dollar. (money.)

So-quil'-lah=horse.

Sun-ko'-ta=apple.

Sun-na-lee'=morning.

Sun-no-we'=night.

Stee-sta'-chee=musk-rat.

Syan-too-gah=bathing in water. (swimming.)

Ta-loo'-sa=basket.

Ta-naw'-wha=a fabulous hawk or eagle.

Tah-lo-nah'-gah=yellow.

Tan-no-wee'-tah=to jump over.

Taw-lee'-na=service berry.

Taw-litz'-ah=grass-hopper.

Taw-wa-nee'-tah=little beaver.

Tee-ko'-nah=bull frog.

Tella-ko'-lah=ginseng.

Tella-nee'-tah=chinquapin.

Tee-naw-lee'-tah=hunting.

Te-nella-whis'-ta=let us stop.

Tee-to-nes'-kah=witch.

Tic-ah-lay'leh=wagon.

To-kas'-sah=highland terrapin. (tortoise.)

To-lest'-ee=autumn.

To-wes-ko'-lah=breath, also hearth.

Too-gel-lah=strong.

Tox'-ah-way or Tox-a-way=red bird.

Tor-wil'-la=rat.

Tus-quit'-tah=rafters, *i. e.*, the raftered ridges.

U-nat-si=snow.

Wah-lay'-lah=humming bird.

Wah-hee'-yah=wolf.

Wah-heet-la=trotting wolf.

Wah-ka-loo-na=wolf teacher.

Wah-loo'-nah=hunting stand.

Wah-nee'-tah=little deer.

Wah-tau'-gah=red.

Wah-teeyay'-leh=mocking bird.

Wah-toh-ree'=corn crib. (may be Catawba, as those
Indians formerly lived on the Wateree
River, S. C.)

Wan-tes'-kah=level.

Wa-tau-ga=(river) probably river of beautifully
tinted forests.

Wes'-sah=wild cat.

Winny-so'-kah=grape.

Yoh-nas-sah=buffalo.

Yoo-kah-no'-nah=rain.

Yoo-nay' kah=white.

Yoo-noo'-lah=wind.

Yo'-nah=bear.

Yon-ah-leek'=climbing bear.

Yon-ah-los'-see=bear trail.

Yon-ah-way'-ah=bear paw.

Ze-tel-la=Crane, (bird.)

NAMES OF FEMALES.

Al-cy'-na.

Al-kee'-nah.

Al-see-yo'-nah.

El-lee'-kah.

El-see-yo'-nah.

Ey-oh'-kah.

Kah-lo-nes'-kah.

Nel-sin'-nah.

Sen-no-wee'-tah.

Tee-nel'-la.

To-net'-ta.

NAMES OF MALES.

Ah-koh-nah-luc'-ta.

Choo-na-les'-kah.

Con-nee'-see-haw.

Juna-lus-ka=chief of the Cherokees, who aided General Jackson in defeating the Creeks at the battle of Horseshoe Bend.

Ko-wes'-ko-ee'.

Nan-do'-wah. (Seneca.)

Nick-o-tee'-ah.

Oh-lah-nee'-tah.

Oh-lus'-kee.

Oh-tah-satch'.

Oh-wan-tes'-kah.

See-ka-to'-nah.

See-wan'-da. (Mohawk.)

Sen-no-wee-ta.

Sick-o-wee'.

Sor-nook'.

Te-na-nel'-lah.

Tick-ah-no'-la.

To-son' ta.

Wah-non'-da. (Mohawk.)

FROM THE TUSCARORA.

Chee-on-on'-da=hills upon hills.

Coata'ra=cascade in a gorge.

Coataro'go place of falls.

Conata'ra=tree in a gorge.

Dion'daroga=inflow of waters.

Isunda'ga=name of a place.

Ossaro'ga=view of rocks and water.

Ossi'anac'=land of pebbles.

Ossowa'=white water.

Ottaray=the over hills. (Cherokee.)

Ontaro'ga=place of rocks and hills.

Onteo'ra=hills of the sky.

Tarkoe'=Catawba Land. (Cherokee.)

Ta-lu'-la=falls in Georgia. (the water that leaps or bounds.)

Tiaro'ga=place of rocks and water.

Tico'a=falls in Georgia. (the water that lightens or brightens.)

Yoo-wa-na=rainbow.

From records of old Spanish Explorations in what is now the Southern States.

NAMES OF TOWNS, CHIEFS, Etc.

Axacon=of old Eastern Virginia. (1570.)

Aqua-quee'-ree.

Aqua-tee-ra.

Ara-coo'-chee.

Chi-a-ha'=possibly same as Che-owa=now Graham
Co., N. C.

Chis'-co=Cherokee Chief or town.

Jua'-da=place or town—written also Joara, Joa'na
and Zoa'ra.

Oris'ta.

Pal-las-sa' or Pal-las see= probably name of Blue
Ridge Mountains.

Sa-ta'-po, or Sa-tah'-po=place or town.

Sa-too-ree-o'-no or Sat-u-ri-o'-na.

Tau-as'-que.

Tas'-que.

Tal-i-min'-co=Rock Chief. (Creek.)

To-cal'-ques=place or town, possibly now Toxaway.

To-go'-ya.

X-ua'-la=town of De Soto's Expedition.

Yu-lee'-na.





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Dugger

Balsam groves of the

Grandfather mountains

